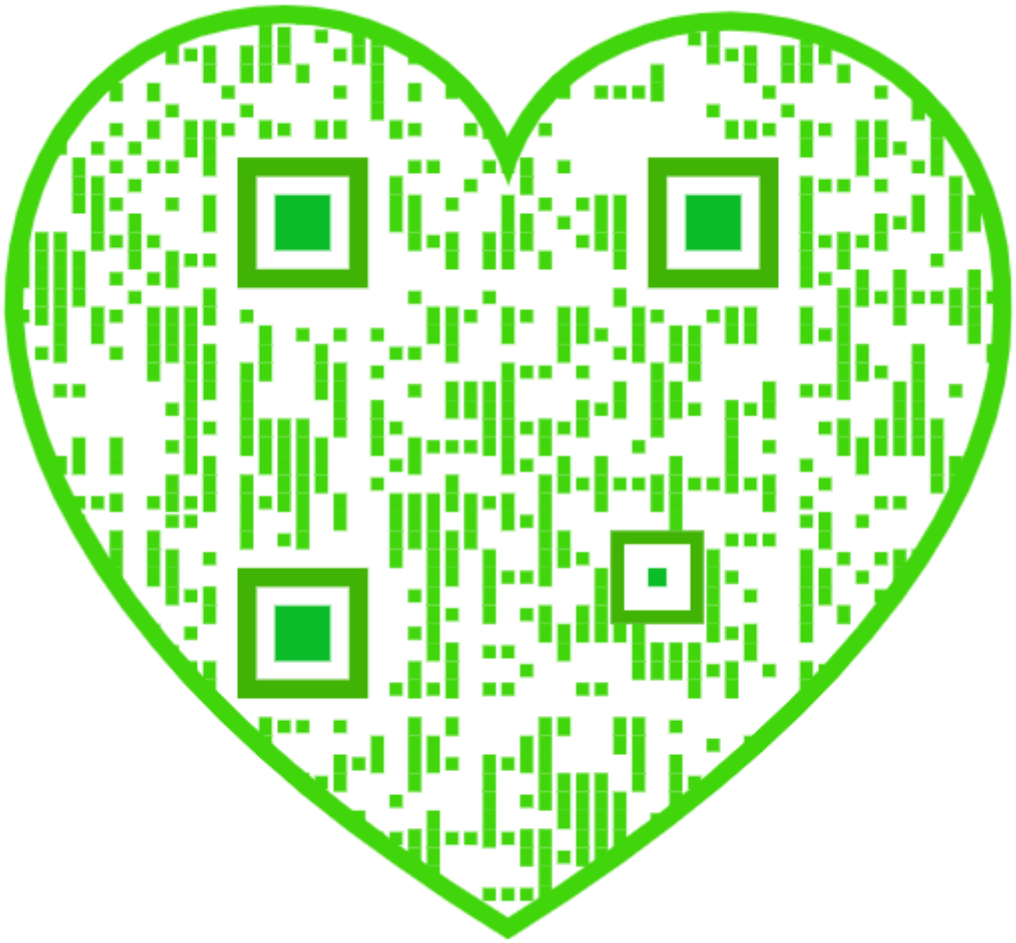

P-2

JOHN A. SEAVERNS

CONTAINING THE COMPLETEST INSTRUCTIONS FOR WALKING, TROTTING, CANTERING, GALLOPING, STUMBLING AND TUMBLING

By GEOFFREY GAMBADO, Esq.
RIDING MASTER, MASTER OF THE HORSE AND GRAND EQUERRY TO THE DOGE OF VENICE

A NEW EDITION

LONDON
1905

NOTE

THIS Issue is founded on the Edition published by R. Ackermann, 101 Strand, London, in the year 1787

[illegible] GILBARD, ESQ.

ACADEMY

FOR

GROWN HORSEMEN,

CONTAINING

INSTRUCTIONS

for

Walking	*Galloping*
Trotting	*Stumbling &*
Cantering	*Tumbling*

By Geoffry Gambado, Esq.

ILLUSTRATED WITH 27 ENGRAVINGS

London Published 1st Jan.y 1825 by R. Ackermann 101 Strand

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

LORD VISCOUNT TOWNSHEND,

GENERAL OF HIS MAJESTY'S FORCES,

AND

COLONEL OF THE QUEEN'S REGIMENT OF DRAGOON GUARDS

TO your Lordship, as commanding a regiment of cavalry, a Treatise of Horsemanship comes immediately in the line of your profession; I, therefore, humbly conceive, that consideration alone would authorise me with propriety to request your patronage and protection for this my adopted foundling; to which petition I am further induced by the patriotic hopes of being useful to my country: for having, with regret, observed, that both your Lordship and the corps under your command, if one may judge by appearances, are totally ignorant of the grace and superior advantages attending Mr. Gambado's

system, I have flattered myself, that on a perusal of it, you will not only adopt it yourself, but also use your interest to introduce it into the service.——What might not be expected from the British Cavalry thus improved?

I might here enter into a train of commonplace compliments, and flourish away on the laurels your Lordship might by this means gather, in addition to those already acquired; but I will not offend your delicacy: besides, laurel is a tree not cultivated in these piping times of peace: I shall therefore conclude this epistle with my sincere wishes, that your Lordship may long, very long, in health and spirits enjoy your BAYS.

I am,

With the greatest respect,

Your LORDSHIP'S

Most obedient,

Humble Servant,

THE EDITOR.

SEPTEMBER 1st, 1787.

FRAGMENT

OF THE

AUTHOR'S PREFACE

THERE needs no apology for putting forth this little volume; there would, on the other hand, need many for withholding it from the publick. Philanthropy has induced me to make known to the world, the following rules; by observing which alone, horsemanship may become a safe and pleasing amusement: and I doubt not, but every true judge of the noble art will acknowledge the excellence of my instructions; and every true lover of it applaud my public spirit, in circulating them abroad for the benefit of mankind at large.

* * * * * * *

I have had some difficulty in fixing upon a title for my work: *A Vade Mecum* is quite hackneyed out: *A School* is become, of late years, a term entirely applied to comedies; and for

Every Man his own Horseman, an ingenious professor in Dublin assured me it was a bull.

I have therefore adopted *Academy;* I think it is happily chosen, properly expressive, and has, I think, been affixed to but one work of genius, *viz. The Academy of Compliments*, a publication, which, thanks to our present politeness, is now scarcely remembered.

The Academy for grown Horsemen, is a work that has cost me much labour, and the application of some years, to complete. But when I consider the vast utility it may be of to my fellow creatures; that they are to profit by it, and not myself:

"Sic vos, non vobis, fertis aratra boves,"

I flatter myself I have not wasted the midnight oil in vain, and I look with pleasure on my book, giving it to the world with the satisfaction of a man who has endeavoured to deserve well. May many be the necks it preserves for nobler purposes!

* * * * * * * *

I am happy in having met with an artist, who has illustrated my ideas of horsemanship completely to my wishes, and I here beg leave

thus publickly to acknowledge my obligations to him.

* * * * * *

As I shall be as concise and explicit as possible in the valuable instructions and discoveries I am now about to communicate to the world; it will be the reader's own fault, if he does not profitably benefit by them. When I have told him how to chuse a horse, how to tackle him properly, in what sort of dress to ride him, how to mount and manage him, how to ride him out, and, above all, how to ride him home again; if he is not a complete horseman in the course of ten or a dozen summers, I will be bold to foretell, that neither the skill of Mr. Astley, nor the experience of Mr. John * Gilpin, will ever make him one.

* * * * * * * *

"Nil desperandum, me duce Teucro."

* Mr. John Gilpin. The author mentions John, to distinguish him from William. Both these gentlemen are elegant and enlightened travellers, and have published each their tour;—John, his to Edmonton, in 1782;—William, his to Cumberland, in 1786.

THE

EDITOR TO THE READER

IT is to the same propitious stars, which rescued the creatures with the craws from perdition, that we are indebted for the recovery of the fragments that compose this most valuable work. Fortune indeed was most lavish in her smiles upon the Editor, by throwing at once before his sight, in an obscure alehouse near Limehouse Hole, on their first landing, the most extraordinary bipeds that perhaps ever visited this country; and to his much greater astonishment, some manuscript sheets of his unfortunate friend, Mr. Geoffrey Gambado.

On comparing notes (by signs) with these ultramarine beings, he concluded, and with much reason, that the abovementioned sheets were thrown overboard by the author (in hopes mankind might yet profit by the recovery of some of them) at the moment the vessel that contained him was going to the bottom; which it is well

known was the case in the Gulph of Venice, a few days previous to the catching of the Craws: and in this surmise he soon found he was nearly right.

Two particular circumstances must yet be noticed. The title-page styles Mr. Gambado, Master of the Horse, Riding Master, and Grand Equerry to the Doge of Venice: and so in truth he was appointed in the year of our Lord 1785.

Living in the habits of intimacy with him that the Editor did, he is competent not only to decide what his views were, but what were his sentiments of the Equestrians of his own country, previous to his embarkation for Italy.

That he held in utter contempt the mode of riding commonly adopted in England was obvious, from his never riding like any body else; and upon the Doge of Venice honouring him with the above appointments (and honorary it was supposed they were only meant to be) he was so elated, that he instantly packed up a portmanteau, bought two saddles, as many bridles, six pair of spatter-dashes, with spurs affixed, a large roll of diaculum plaister, two pair of patent stirrups, with his MS. works (and providentially a few drawings from which the plates in this little

volume are engraved); and in a few hours put himself on board a vessel for Trieste, which sailed immediately, and was lost a few leagues from Ragusa. A sailor (one of the few that escaped by putting himself in a fish-kettle, and tying it round his middle, having previously painted it green *) has informed the Editor, that he saw the last of Mr. Gambado; and his end was as singular as his life had been. The vessel being expected to go to pieces every instant, he drank a quart of hot punch, and came coolly on the deck; and having first called up all the fortitude he was able, he next called up his servant, with all the saddles and bridles that could be got; and having mounted himself on the largest, and taking a bridle in one hand and a paper case in the other, desired to be thrown into the sea. This was complied with, but the informant adds, that the boatswain being somewhat desirous to save his life likewise, hastily jumped up behind the unfortunate Gambado, and he apprehends that the saddle, although new and large, was not master of his additional weight, for it dropt with such

* It is imagined Mr. Lunardi has fallen in with this man.———*N.B.* Not into the Sea.

precipitancy as to throw our Author out of his seat, and his foot catching and hanging in the stirrup*, soon put an end to his mortal career. And it must be confessed that he made his exit *en parfait cavalier*: and an honour to his leather he was†. The boatswain was saved by laying fast hold on the crupper.

The Editor (besides the friendship he entertained for this great man), cannot help thinking it is a thousand pities he should have been lost in so foolish a manner. But such was his rapture at the honours conferred on him by the Doge, and such his disgust for British horsemanship, that delicacy restrained his friends from acquainting him there was no such thing as a horse to be found in all Venice; and yet they have not a doubt, if he had been apprized of this circumstance in time, he never would have embarked for that capital at all.

When the Craws were first picked up in their pleasure-boat, it was observed they were all over

* His patent stirrups were probably packed up, or the Author would at least, have had a swim for it.

† An honour to his cloth.—is applied to many a drunken Parson, and I do not see why. To Geoffrey, leather is more suitable.

white patches; upon examination it appeared that they were sheets of paper artfully fastened round them with strings of seaweeds, and the sailors, from the impulse of curiosity, lifting some of them up, discovered hand-writing underneath. It should seem that these modest creatures had undoubtedly picked up the papers floating on the surface of the ocean, and converted them to the same use our first parents did the fig-leaves. This is however but a conjecture of the Editor; who certainly met with the fragments of his friend's intended book, in the same place where he first saw the Craws, and where he was told the circumstance of their having worn them.

It is left to the deeper searchers into the wonders of nature (and who are now puzzling to resolve from whence the ladies and gentlemen now lodging at Mr. Becket's, the trunkmaker, in the Haymarket, can possibly come), to determine whether the preservation of the following sheets, is owing to an innate modesty in the creatures with monstrous Craws, or to their natural admiration for learning, and a wish to preserve sheets, although adorned with characters totally unknown, and unintelligible to them.

It was necessary for the Editor to explain how he came possessed of the few materials that compose this work. Having done this, he has only to add, that he has recovered a part only of the Author's preface, a few drawings, some notes, an anecdote or two, and about twenty pages of instructions to grown horsemen; but so broken and unconnected, that had he attempted the putting them together, he must have formed a book of his own: Having however, a thorough sense of the superior abilities of the original Author, he wishes rather to give them to the public in scraps, as he received them, but arranged to the best of his ability. And he may be bold to add, that as *morceaux* choice as these would not fall every day into their mouths, were they to hold them incessantly open, the public would swallow them with avidity, and digest them either immediately, or at their leisure.

The notes that are preserved, are written in a hand unknown to the Editor, and are evidently the remarks of some good-natured friend of Mr. Gambado. By the ingenuity of many of them, and their peculiarity of style, they bear strong marks of the masterly pen that produced the annotations to the first editions of Mr. Bell's

Shakespeare. The portrait of the Author prefixed is engraved from a drawing by another of his friends, done from memory; it is like, but a likeness that tinctures of the prejudice of friendship. Jeffery was not so slim, nor was his eye so poignant; nor was he ever known to be possessed of a pair of boots himself, though he often mentions boots in his writings.

Of late years, many portraits of celebrated men have been given to the public from memory: Mr. Mason has favoured us with a most formidable likeness of Gray the Poet; another eminent writer has treated us with one of the noted Charles Price; and we are now furnished, with by no means, a small resemblance of Jeffery Gambado.

Of Jeffery, or as he himself desired it to be wrote, Geoffrey Gambado, little is known of the descent: but that his father was a tailor he himself has assured me; and that he lived in Devonshire is no less certain. Being a prodigious horseman (his customers living all at a considerable distance from him) I make no doubt but it was in allusion to him, that the term of "riding like a tailor" took its rise—a term still particularly applicable to the natives of that county.

The inhabitants of Yorkshire and the vicinity of Newmarket may turn it into ridicule if they please, but it was meant as highly complimentary and honourable to that valuable body of men. Was not the flying highwayman a tailor? were not three parts of General Elliott's dragoons tailors? and was not he who made that dangerous excursion to Brentford, a tailor?

We are told in a preliminary advertisement to the Tale of the Recess, that "the breaks in the story only tend to heighten the pathetic." A hope attends the editor, that the breaks in the ensuing work will only serve to give the reader a greater relish of what remains of it, and prevent the glut generally accompanying "too much of a good thing."

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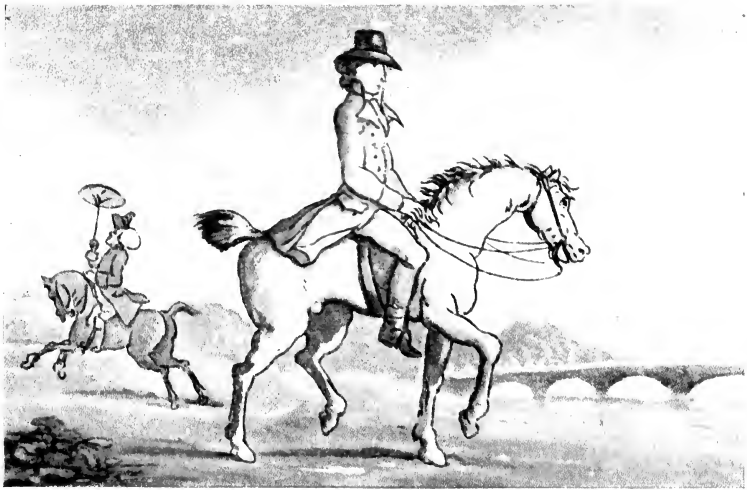


THE MISTAKEN NOTION

AN

ACADEMY

FOR

GROWN HORSEMEN

THE World has been so long misled by the false notions of Horsemanship adopted and industriously circulated by Newcastle, La Fosse, Pembroke, and Berenger; so infatuated by the fantastick tricks of Sir Sidney Meadows; and so blinded by the airy coolness of a Percival and his imitators, that it may possibly prove a difficult task to convince any one person in this wrong-headed age, that the theory of the first mentioned gentlemen, and the practice of the latter, are entirely founded in error, and calculated merely to break the necks of his Majesty's most faithful subjects.

I shall endeavour to prove, and I flatter myself to conviction, that the above mentioned authors are grossly mistaken in all their opinions upon the noble art and science of horsemanship; that

even their ideas of the proud animal himself are partial and ill-founded; that the French Parrocel, and the Flemish Wouvermans, drew such horses as never existed; and that when we do meet with a horse, that in the least resembles their designs, he is bad and dangerous in the extreme.

* * * * * * *

It is a melancholy truth, that our breed of horses is terribly degenerated, but indeed the national taste is fallen off proportionably; nothing now is to be seen but bred horses; every apprentice must bestride a bit of blood. A bit of blood! and well may they be termed so, for neither flesh nor bone have they to boast of.

* * * * * * *

There is indeed one breed of horses still extant, which might and indeed ought to be brought into more play—I mean what is vulgarly called the dray-horse *. This I profess, is a noble animal,

* Or rather *dra*-horse—the most useful animal in the creation, and respected by all antiquity. His name is immediately derived from the Greek verb δραω, i.e. *drao*, to do or work; because it was found that he could do more work than any other horse. The vehicle drawn by him was also well known to the Greeks by the name of *dray*, or rather *dra;* and it was in this carriage, and not in a waggon, as is vulgarly supposed, that Thespis carried his stage and actors. Hence the title of *dra*-ma and *dra*-matic, universally applied to all

A BIT OF BLOOD

and admirably calculated to make a figure either on the road, or in the field. Scarce one of them but is master of thirty stone or upwards. What a sublime scene would it be, to see fourscore or a hundred of these animals on the full stretch over a piece of wheat, to catch sight of a hound. It would require the pen of Homer to describe such a spectacle.

On the road, what dangers do we incur from the weakness of our horses! The pitiful spider-legged things of this age fly into a ditch with you, at the sight of a pocket-handkerchief, or the blowing of your nose: whereas mount one of these, and the world cannot alter your route:—meet a higler's cart, he will stop it, either with his own head or your leg; fall in with a hackney coach, and he will carry you slap-dash against it.

* * * * * As a purchaser, it is immaterial whether you go to Tattersall's, or Aldridge's, to Meynell's Hunt or his Majesty's, it is probable you will be taken in wherever you go. * * *

theatrical pieces. The Greek critics refer the invention of such works to the Doric tribes, because this very word *drao* was peculiar to the Doric dialect. If this account be correct, those tribes were also, without doubt, the first breeders of *dra-horses*; an encomium of high value among a people who derived many honourable epithets, as well as proper names, from skill and zeal in breeding and managing horses.

To define a perfect horse is nearly impossible, and to tell you where to buy one, completely so. However, I shall endeavour to describe such outward beauties and active qualifications, as are requisite to the composition of one: and should such a phœnix fall in your way (and though the taste of these times is so vilely perverted, I believe you have a better chance at present than you would have had some years back) I hope you will not let him slip through your fingers.

* * * * * * * *

The height of a horse is perfectly immaterial, provided he is higher behind than before. Nothing is more pleasing to a traveller than the sensation of continually getting forward: whereas the riding of a horse of a contrary make is like swarming the bannisters of a staircase, when, though perhaps you really advance, you feel as if you were going backwards.

Let him carry his head low, that he may have an eye to the ground, and see the better where he steps.

The less he lifts his fore-legs, the easier he will move for his rider, and he will likewise brush the stones out of his way, which might otherwise throw him down. If he turns out his toes as well as he should do, he will then disperse them to the right

ONE WAY TO STOP YOUR HORSE

and the left, and not have the trouble of kicking the same stone a second time,

* * * * * *

A bald face, wall eyes, and white legs (if your horse is not a grey one) are to be preferred; as, in the night, although you may ride against what you please yourself, no one will ride against you.

His nose cannot project too much from his neck, for, by keeping a constant tight rein on him, you will then sit as firm as if you were held on.

A horse's ears cannot well be too long: a judicious rider steers his course, by fixing his eyes between them. Were he cropt, and that as close as we sometimes see them now-a-days, in a dusky evening the rider might wander the lord knows where.

* * * * * * * *

I have found many persons who have purchased horses of me very inquisitive and troublesome about their eyes; indeed so much so, as if their eyes were any way concerned in the action of the animal. As I know they are not, I give myself very little trouble about them. If a rider is in full possession of his own, what his horse has is perfectly immaterial; having probably a bridle in his mouth to direct him where to go, and to lift

him up with again, if he tumbles down. Any gentleman, chusing indeed, to ride without a bridle, should look pretty sharp at a horse's eyes before he buys him, be well satisfied with his method of going, be very certain that he is docile, and will stop short with a "Wohey *," and after all, be rather scrupulous where he rides him. Let no man tell me that a blind horse is not a match for one with the best of eyes, when it is so dark that he cannot see: and when he can, it is to be supposed the gentleman upon his back can, as well as he; and then, if he rides with a bridle, what has he to fear? I flatter myself, I have proved as clear as day, that eyes are of little consequence; and as I am, no doubt, the first author that has made it known, my readers, if they lose no time, may mount themselves at Aldridge's, or the Rhedarium, as well and for half the money they would have done, before I let them into this secret.

Be sure to buy a broken-kneed horse, whenever he falls in your way: the best bit of flesh that ever was crossed will certainly come down one day

* I have searched Chambers and Johnson for this Wohey! but cannot find him. I do not recollect such a word in all Shakespeare, and he dealt at large in the language. Neither is it to be met with in Master Bailey's delicate Collection of Provincialisms. What is wohey?

HOW TO RIDE GENTEEL AND AGREEABLE DOWN HILL

or another; whereas one that has fallen, and scarified himself pretty much, never will again if he can help it.

Spavins, splints, corns, mallenders, sallenders, &c. &c. being all curable, are beneath your notice. A few of these little infirmities in your stable are always a subject of conversation, and you may, perhaps, now and then want one; it will likewise justify you to your lady, in embellishing your book-case with Bracken, Gibson, Bartlet and Griffiths; excellent authors in their way, and extremely useful! for you will have no occasion to be sending for an apothecary upon every trifling ailment in your family, but will know yourself how to make up a good stout and effectual dose of physic for your wife or servants, in the gooseberry season, and at the fall of the leaf. I would recommend a long tail, if it is to be had for love or money; if that is not to be got, buy a horse with a rat tail, if possible; though inferior in point of convenience to the former, there is a *je ne scai quoi* of comicality about it, that inclines us to merriment whenever it makes its appearance. There is one inconvenience attending long tails in summer (when the poor animals have most need of them); and that is, horses full of grass are very subject to scouring; in this case ride your

horse with his tail in a bag, or else he may annoy you.

* * * * * *

Having described for my reader a horse, and I hope he likes him, I would fain form as complete a horseman, and having so done, my ambition would be gratified, my end answered, and I would never ride again myself, as long as I lived.

* * * * * * *

Few writers on this subject have thought it necessary to prescribe any peculiar mode of dress to equestrians. I am such a zealot about the propriety of their appearance, that I think too much cannot be said on the subject. Heavens! how are the laws degraded since the abolition of full bottoms * in our Courts of Justice; I attribute the encrease of thievery to it, and firmly believe that ten men are hanged for every inch curtailed in a Judge's Wig.

The Editor can only attribute the singularity of the ten or a dozen lines that follow, to their having been written *after dinner*; Mr. Gambado being fond of pushing the bottle about briskly. His annotator seems to think the same; indeed, if he was

* He might have added, how are our Ladies improved by the adoption of them!

the author's friend, he was a very impartial one, for his criticisms pretty often border on the severe.

Bias, I think it is, that observes, the *tout ensemble* should be attended to in every thing; he judiciously remarks, that a beautiful woman ill-drest would be much better undrest; and he says much the same of rabbits and onions, but I forget how he brings that to bear. The clear-headed reader will soon perceive I have an eye at *him;* and having provided him with a steed, I would wish to make his rider a match for him; for your rider is half the battle *.

Touching the apparel then, I will begin at top. Wear a wig, if possible, and should you be a sportsman and hunt the forest†, the larger and

* Was ever so much absurdity crammed into so few lines! Our author could not be, ipse, he, when he wrote this! Bias talk French! O cœlum in terra! and be a judge of a Lady's dress too! and understand cookery likewise! Why, Mr. Gambado, you really endow him with more talents than fell to the lot of the admirable Crichton, and you forget, do you, how he brings that to bear; and so do I too, upon my word. As to your having an eye at the reader, I don't believe it: like our honest friend Homer, I fancy, this was *your* time, to have been put to bed.

Half the battle, how vulgar! Our immortal bard, as they call him, in his highest vagaries never was *so low as this!*

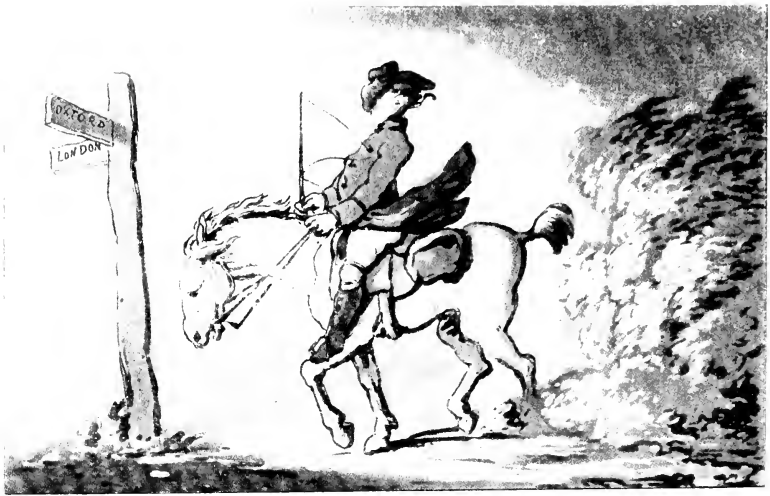
† The stag-hunt in Epping Forest on Easter Monday is supposed to be the most striking and superb chase in Europe. To this the author probably alludes.

whiter it is, the safer for you, for should your horse prove what is properly termed too many for you and make off, nothing but the singularity of your appearance can restore you to your disconsolate family *. The hallooing and hooting of the boys that this will occasion, will enable your friends to trace you through most of the villages you may have past; and at the worst, to know in what part of the country to have you cried.

I never admired a round hat, but with a large wig it is insupportable, and in truth a most puerile ornament for the head of a sober man. In windy weather you are blinded with it; and the ingenious artist I have employed to decorate this work with his designs, has very forcibly portrayed the inconvenience and even danger of a hat of this sort to a man of business. † By a man of business, is not meant a Lord of the Treasury or a Commissioner of Accounts, but what is called on the road, a rider, a bagman or bagster.

* The author is here philanthropically amiable; and if the restoring a long lost husband to the arms of his spouse has any claim to public reward, we should not grudge it a moment to his white wig, whilst we are lavishingly bestowing it on useless quackeries.

† Would it be a very bold assertion to hazard, that, by a Lord of the Treasury, or a Commissioner of Accounts, is not meant *a Man* of business? perhaps not.



LOW I'M LOSE YOUR WAY

A cock'd hat, besides this advantage over its competitor, and the dignity it gives to the most unhappy countenance, has so many others, that it is wonderful to me, it is not universally worn, but more particularly by equestrians. If in windy weather you are blinded, in rainy you are deluged by a round hat; whereas one properly cock'd will retain the water till you arrive at your baiting place, and keep your head (which riding might have heated) agreeably cool; having much the same effect on it, that a pan of water has upon a flower-pot.

* * * * * * * *

Let your boots be somewhat short, and the knees of your breeches but just reach the joint, so that the flap of your saddle (and observe a single-flapped saddle is the genteelest) may be continually curling up, and chafing you between the confines of the boot and breeches, by which means you will be satisfied that your leg is in a proper position.

* * * * * * * *

Much of the author's friendly advice as to dress is wanting; but the editor recollects he was a warm advocate for the riding in black plush breeches in summer: and ever recommended a

coat of pompadour, or some conspicuous colour, for the same obvious reason that he thought a large wig of such moment.

You may wear spurs, if you are not afraid; and the exercising them a good deal will keep your blood in proper circulation, and prevent your toes from being cold.

Be very careful to spur your horse in the shoulders only; there he has most feeling, because he has most veins; besides, by spurring at his body, five times in six your labour is lost; if you are a short man you spur the saddle cloth; if you are leggy you never touch him at all; and if middling you only wear out your own girths, without your horse being a bit the better for it.

Elegance of position is to be considered as particularly essential to every gentleman that appears on horseback in publick. And I shall endeavour to point out what most immediately constitutes it.

The mode of leaning the body pretty forward over the pommel of the saddle, in a walk or a trot, has been too little in practice of late years, aud it is high time it should be revived. There is an appearance of airiness in it, that embellishes the figure of a rider very much indeed; particu-

larly if he be mounted on a long-backed horse, who throws his saddle well forward, and is unencumbered with a crupper: here, he exhibits an elegant picture of careless indifference, and seems contemptuously to leave all the world behind him.

By the bye, I have observed many a worthy citizen sent on a Sunday into Hyde Park, crupper'd up as tight as need be: but be very shy of a crupper, gentle reader, if your horse naturally throws his saddle forward. It will certainly make his tail sore, set him a-kicking, and very likely, bring you into trouble. *Experto crede.*

If then, you bend your body well forward, your rump sticking properly out behind, with your legs projected, I shall have hopes of you; you cannot I think fail of soon equalling my most sanguine expectations; and, after having attained this excellence (an excellence, let me tell you, arrived at but by few, and those, men of the first knowledge and science, such as the Fellows of Colleges, the Livery-men of London, or, perhaps the crew of a man of war) I would advise you without delay to attempt another step towards equestrian perfection; that is, on riding either eastward or westward, to make your toes point due north, south, or vice versa.

Thus your spurs may be brought into play with

little or no exertion; and thus, in turning sharp round a post, your horse may be prevented from hurting himself by running against it *.

The standing up in your stirrups, whilst trotting, in the above position, has a most elegant and genteel effect: and I would have you make an essay to accomplish it: no doubt you will succeed, if you have the genius I take you to have.

A horse has various methods of getting rid of his man; at present I will only advert to one. If your horse tumbles down with you, he will sometimes get up again, and should you not do the same in concert with him, and your foot remain in the stirrup, he may probably extend your airing whilst you remain in that awkward position; and however desirous you may be to remain behind, on you must go, during his pleasure. Now, of all the ways of conveyance that I have had a taste of, this is the least agreeable; if it should be the same to you, provide yourself with a pair of patent stirrups; with them, your attachment to your horse may be as short as you please: they have done wonders; can I say more? I am happy in being able to bear testimony of their astonishing efficacy in the case of a friend of mine, the Rev. Mr. C——, A. M. when of Pem-

* More philanthropy.

HOW TO TURN ANY HORSE MARE OR GELDING

broke College, Cambridge; by transcribing his own words at the conclusion of an advertisement he inserted in all the papers, addressed to the patentee. Having purchased a pair of his stirrups, and falling one afternoon, as he was accustomed, from his horse, he says, "but thanks to providence and your noble invention, *my leg* and *your stirrup* coming off at the same instant, I escaped unhurt." To what a pitch of perfection is human ingenuity arrived!

* * * * * * * *

The being able to guide a horse is a matter of some moment on the road, though it may not be so any where else: and I would advise you always to ride with a lash whip; it shews the sportsman, and will assist you much in your steerage. If your horse bears too much to the right, of course you drop the reins entirely on that side, and pull them up sharp with both hands, on the other; but if that does not answer, you must refer to your whip, and a good smart cut over his right cheek and eye will soon set him straight again. This is the mode you will see adopted by every judicious pig-driver *, and I am told, that a pig is

* A very injudicious remark this; were a pig to be driven in a hard and sharp, or a Weymouth, and a horse in a packthread tied to his hind leg, it is a matter of doubt with me, whether

esteemed by judges to be far more averse to direct progression than a horse.

Lucan informs us, that the Massilians * rode without bridles, and guided their horses with a switch:

"Et gens quæ nudo residens Massilia dorso"
"Ora levi flectit, frœnorum nescia virga."

Luc.

"Without a bridle on the bare back,"
"Make with a stick their horse or mare tack."

Virgil says the same of the Numidians:

"Et Numidæ infreni cingunt."

Æn. 4.

"See Numidians, on horses unbridled approach."

the latter would drive so handy as the former. As pigs now can play at cards as well as horses, I think it is but fair to suppose them capable of dancing a minuet with equal activity and grace; whatever Mr. Astley may alledge to the contrary. The author is very hard upon pigs.

* Our author seems fond of a bit of foreign language: his Latin, I suppose he was supplied with by the parson of the parish; his French, I know, he got from his father's journeyman, who (according to the old man's own phrase) was taught to *dislocate* coats at Paris. The Massilians are here lugged in, for the sake of the Latin verses, or to cry down the use of bridles; but, as I am one of those gentlemen, who had rather ride *with* a bridle, than *without* one; and as he must ransack the blackguard classicks for scraps of quotations, I will meet him, and as Sir Sampson Legend says in the play, "Try whether my blackguard or his shall get the better of the day."

"Equi sine frænis, deformis ipse cursus rigidâ cervice, et extento capite, currentium."—Livy, B. 7.

Good riding this; but as to the switch, I'll maintain it that a whole or half hunter* would be more efficacious; and as to the riding, good as it is, if Julius Cæsar did not cut out both Massilians and Numidians I'll be d—d†; and the reader will agree with me, when I produce my authority for his horsemanship, which is no less a character than Montaigne.

"On dit de Cæsar, qu'en sa jeunesse, monté à dos sur un cheval et sans bride, il lui faisoit prendre carrière les mains tourneés derriere le dos ‡."

It is extremely wrong to put a gentleman on a restive horse ||, when he is going out on business, or invited to dinner in the neighbourhood. In the first instance, if a man is not punctual, his credit is lowered; and making an apology for his horse will seldom be admitted; nor will any one

* Whips so denominated.

† Hey day! a new method this of laying down the law. If you go on thus Mr. Author, the law will take you up in return; and it will cost you some shillings before you come to the end of your book.

‡ "It is said of Cæsar, that in his youth, being mounted on a horse's bare back, and without a bridle, he could make him perform his paces with his hands behind him."—MONTAIGNE.

|| A strange epithet this, and I wonder who coined it; tell me of a rusty horse, and I shall know what it means, for I know what rusty locks are, and rusty weathercocks.

make allowance for a guest, if his horse has stopped and turned round five thousand times with him in five hundred yards, should the turtle be spoiled or the venison over-roasted.

In such cases, gentle reader, I should dismount and walk; but if you are averse to that, and you find that the beast will not go forward, let him have his whim and go backwards: only take care to point his head the wrong way *, he will carry you pleasant enough so; but you must keep your own head well employed over both shoulders, or it may not answer at last.

Be provided with a horse-block, it is a fine assistant in mounting, and I am amazed any gentleman should be without one. The only danger I know attending it is, that in your eagerness to mount, you may, by over-exerting yourself, lose your equipoise, and pitch upon your head on the off-side of your horse. This has frequently happened to a friend of mine; but if you are cool and temperate, you will take your seat with ease and convenience. By mounting thus, you avoid all danger of being kicked, or bit,

* I clearly see the author's meaning here: if he travels backwards, and the nag's head was the *right* way he would never get his dinner, and it must be *wrong* not to go when invited.—Recte Domine.

HOW TO BE RUN AWAY WITH

which is more likely: as, if you are a short man, by stretching out your toe, to get it sufficiently into the stirrup, you are very apt to tickle your horse under the elbow, and he will then infallibly attack you in the rear with his teeth. Besides the manifest advantage in a horse-block, it is a pretty airy ornament to the front of a house, and moreover shews that the master of it is a horseman; which, let me tell you, every man that lives by the road side is not. A horse is sometimes shy of these blocks: if yours should be so, talk to him a little, scratch his nose, and use some gentle endearing method or other; and, I believe, the best of all is, to bid your foot-boy, who leads him up to it, give him two or three smart kicks in the belly on the off-side.

You are now mounted, and no doubt, anxious to set off: here then, observe my advice.

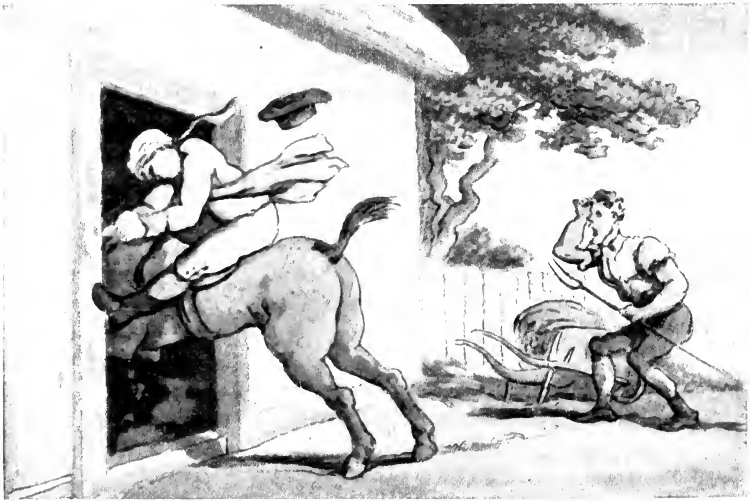
Before ever your horse gets into motion, clap both your spurs into him pretty sharp: this will set him a-going for the whole day, and shew him you have spurs on, which if he did not know he might incline to be idle. I do not think there can be a more approved mode of setting off than this is, but I must caution you, that the surprize will generally cause your horse to break wind, and with a pretty smart explosion

too *. Let not this ruffle you; many a worthy man † has lost his seat by so sudden an alarm: but use will soon reconcile you to it, as it does the rising of a covey of birds to a young sportsman. Thus, then, you go off with eclat, provided nothing is in your horse's way, and if there is, you have put him so on his mettle, he will probably leap over it. Indeed, it is far from improbable that he may run away with you; but if he does, you will make a most spirited appearance, as my ingenious elucidator shews you in the annexed plate.

When a man is once well run away with, the first thing that occurs to him, I imagine, is how to stop his horse; but men by no means agree in their modes of bringing this matter about. Some will run him at a ditch, which I allow to be a promising experiment, if he leaps ill, or not at all. Frenchmen, (and the French are excellent horsemen) will ride against one another; no bad way either: and I have seen riders make directly for a stable (if a door happens to be open) and with good effect. How Julius Cæsar stopped his horse,

* Indecent in a high degree.

† This is the second time the Author talks of a *worthy* man; possibly he means a man worth a good deal of money, alluding to our cockneys. But he should be more explicit when he treats on so serious a subject. Worthy, or unworthy, a man should not lose his life for a sore tail or a f—t.



HOW TO STOP YOUR HORSE AT PLEASURE

when he rode with his hands behind him, I am at a loss to divine.

I remember seeing an ingenious Frenchman make four experiments upon Newmarket Heath, in only one of which he succeeded. His horse made away with him whilst Gimcrack was running a match, and the Count's hopes of stopping him being but small, he contrived to turn him across the course, and rode slap-dash at Gimcrack, hoping to effect it by a broadside; but he was too quick for him, and he missed his aim. He then made full at Lord March, but unluckily only took him slanting: baffled in this second attempt, he relied on the Devil's ditch, as a certain check to his career; but his horse carried him clean over, safe and well: and had not the rubbing-house presented itself to his view, he assured me, he believed he should have soon reached London: dashing at this, with a true French spirit, he produced the desired effect; his horse, not being able to proceed, stopped, and that so suddenly, that the Earl of Pembroke himself would have been dislodged, and old Newcastle lain with his mother Earth. The Count, it is true, came off, but tolerably well; the horse broke his head, and the Count likewise; so that, according to the ancient opinion of two negatives making an affirmative, little or no harm was done.

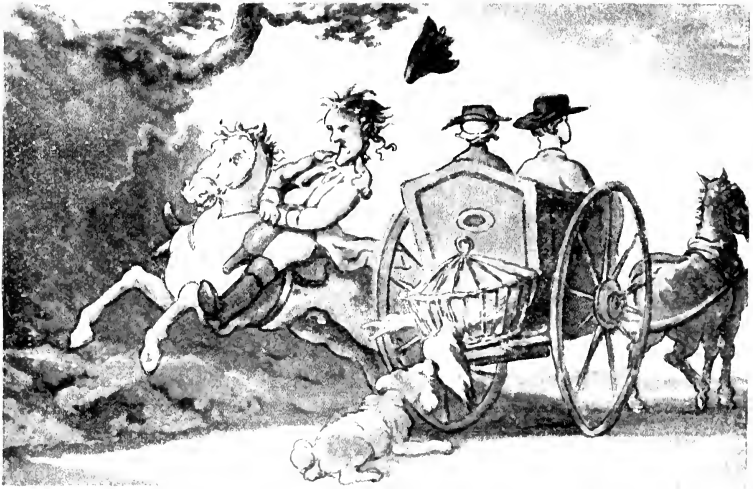
Having said thus much on the subject of being run away with, it is necessary I should decide, for the benefit of my readers, on the means I most approve of for putting a stop to such doings: and I am clearly for the stable door: if, entering it full speed, you should be afraid of your head, spread out your legs sufficiently, and your horse will go in without you.

* * * * * * *

In riding the road, observe in passing a whisky, a phäeton or a stage coach, in short any carriage where the driver sits on the right hand, to pass it on that side: he may not see you on the other, and though you may meet with a lash in the eye, what is the loss of an eye to a leg or perhaps neck!

Should a man on horseback be on the road and leading another horse, always dash by the led one, you might otherwise set the man's horse capering, and perhaps throw him off; and you can get but a kick or two by observing my instructions.

Take care never to throw your horse down, it is an unlucky trick and fit only for boys. Many gentlemen of my acquaintance, and I too, have been thrown down by our horses; yet I scarce know an instance upon record of a gentleman throwing his horse down: but many have complained to me of their servants doing it for them.



How to Pass a Carriage

In passing a waggon or any tremendous equipage, should it run pretty near a bank, and there be but a ditch, and an open country on the other side, if you are on business and in a hurry, dash up the bank without hesitation: for should you take the other side, and your horse shy at the carriage, you may be carried many hundred yards out of your road; whereas by a little effort of courage, you need only graze the wheel, fly up the bank, and by slipping or tumbling down into the road again, go little or nothing out of your way.

I have given you the above hints, supposing you are now at home enough on horseback to ride out alone, and may possibly be tempted to travel the road; as either the lucre of gain, or *the universal passion*, as a celebrated author calls the love of Fame, may send you forth.

Let me entreat you to examine your tackling well at setting out, particularly from an inn, and after dinner: see that your girths are tight; many a good fall have I got by not attending to this. Hostlers are too apt to be careless, and ought never to be paid till we see them the next time.*

* A learned dancing-master in the university of Oxford, who taught politeness also, and published a book upon that subject, fixed the same period for passing a stile, in some cases, that is

An instance of a singular nature occurred at Huntingdon a few years since to the Rev. D. B. of Jesus College in Cambridge; which has given a discovery to the world (productive indeed, of a paper war) but which may turn out beneficial to mankind, as it proves 3 to be equal to 4. The Doctor dined at the Crown: it was dusk when he set out northwards; I myself saw 3s. charged in his bill for wine; this accounts for his want of observation; for the hostler's I must attribute it to his having been paid beforehand. The Doctor went off at a spurt, pretty much in the manner I have recommended, and having got clear of the pavement, wished to (what is called) mend his pace: but his horse was obdurate, and all his in-

here judiciously recommended for the payment of an hostler: his precept was, that a well bred man meeting another, on the opposite side of a stile, ought on no account to be persuaded to go over first. The name of this ingenious author was Towle. Had two zealous pupils of his school met each other at a stile, it is supposed they must have concluded their lives on the premises, unless the author had subjoined to his work that useful calendar, in which, as the poet conjectures, such periods are ascertained:

—— To-morrow —
It is a period no where to be found,
In all the hoary registers of Time:
Except perchance in the Fool's Calendar.

It is a pity that so desirable an addition has been omitted by the Author of this treatise also.

How to ride a Horse upon three Legs
Invented Ann. Dom. 1760

fluence could not prevail. The doctor fancied at times he went oddly, and therefore brought to at Alconbury, five miles from Huntingdon, and alighted for an examination: when he discovered that the hostler, through inattention, had buckled up one of the horse's hind legs in the surcingle: and to this alone he had to attribute his hobbling way of going.—There was an hostler at Barnet,* who was a moralist; possibly this at Huntingdon was an experimental philosopher, and thought an old member of the University the properest subject to put his experiment in execution. It certainly answered, as far as five miles; but how it would succeed in bringing horses of different forms together over Newmarket, I am not competent to determine. It seems as if one might work a lame horse thus, and keep his unsound leg quiet. If this experiment has been repeated, it has been in private, for I have not heard of it; and I much question if it would ever be generally adopted; when I say *generally*, no reflection upon General officers. A timid Major however, might keep his horse in due subjection on a review day, by this method.

* * * * * * *

* James Ripley, many years and till very lately, hostler at the Red Lion, published a Volume of Letters.

If I have much varied from the instructions laid down by my fellow countrymen in the art of horsemanship, it is possibly in my recommending the shoulder as the proper place to apply the spurs to. In this I am supported by no less a man than Virgil; and your Romans excelled as much in riding as they did in fighting. Virgil was an eye-witness and could not err, and a man of veracity and would not lie; he tells us the exact seat of a Roman dragoon, and very similar it is to that of our own heavy dragoons.

"Seu spumantis equi, foderet calcaribus *armos*."

Find me a Schoolmaster hardened enough to deny that *armos* signifies the shoulders, and nothing else! Had the Duke of Newcastle or Mr. Angelo understood a word of Latin, they could not have lived so long in error; and persevered in prescribing a seat on horseback so uncertain and ticklish as they have done.

The publication of this work, however, will doubtless have its effect; nor do I much despair of finding many judges (of riding I mean) coalesce in sentiment with me; or of the seat I recommend, being pretty universally adopted. For as the Poet says, (I forget where I have met with the line)

"Serius aut citius *sedem* properamus ad unam."*

* Very indelicate indeed this quotation.

HOW TO RIDE UP HYDE PARK

I flatter myself with the hope of still seeing in Hyde Park a grand display of my system of equitation; and not a Sunday slide by without beholding some promising elêve

——————Fearful to be late,
Scour the new road, and dash thro' Grosvenor Gate;
Anxious and fearful too his steed to shew,
The hack Bucephalus of Rotten Row;
Careless he seems, yet vigilantly sly,
Wooes the strange glance of ladies passing by;
Whilst his left heel, insidiously aside,
Provokes the caper that he seems to chide."

* * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * *

The Editor is extremely sorry to inform the reader, that not a line more was found upon the monstrous Craws; but he hopes his friend's abilities appear sufficiently conspicuous, by what remains of this instructive work.

END OF THE FIRST PART.

Mr GAMBADO SEEING THE WORSE IN A SIX MILE [illegible] SO FAMED IN HISTORY

ANNALS

OF

HORSEMANSHIP:

CONTAINING ACCOUNTS OF

ACCIDENTAL EXPERIMENTS,

AND

EXPERIMENTAL ACCIDENTS,

BOTH SUCCESSFUL AND UNSUCCESSFUL:

COMMUNICATED BY VARIOUS CORRESPONDENTS

TO

GEOFFREY GAMBADO, ESQ.

Author of the Academy for Grown Horsemen:

TOGETHER WITH

MOST INSTRUCTIVE REMARKS THEREON AND ANSWERS THERETO, BY THAT ACCOMPLISHED GENIUS.

AND NOW FIRST PUBLISHED

BY THE EDITOR OF THE ACADEMY FOR GROWN HORSEMEN.

ILLUSTRATED WITH CUTS BY THE MOST EMINENT ARTISTS.

LONDON:

Printed for R. ACKERMANN, 101, Strand,

By J. DIGGENS, 14, St. Ann's Lane.

THE EDITOR TO THE READER

THE Public is in high luck to obtain any thing more that comes from the pen of Geoffrey Gambado. A former publication has nearly immortalized him, and I trust the present will do it completely. It is true this work is chiefly composed of Letters addrest to him; but his remarks and replies are added to them; and had it not been for Geoffrey, such letters had never made their appearance; perhaps never been written. What had been such a loss to the community! I will venture to affirm that few, very few, have heard of such extraordinary cases, such novel ideas, and such obvious and salutary advice as are contained in the following pages. Were I to mention the odd place in which I found the MS. copy of this work, it might create laughter—

"A passion hateful to my purposes."

For having the safety of man's neck in my eye at this present writing, I think it no laughing matter; and shall therefore deem it sufficient to say, I have

found it, and have now the satisfaction of laying it before the world.

A paltry publication has lately made its appearance, on the same construction as this. It is a periodical thing, entitled The Annals of Agriculture, and will, I dare say, be of much use in the chandlers' shops. This too, like Geoffrey's edifying collection of letters, treats on propagation, cultivation, preservation, the good of the nation, *&c. &c.* But when we once consider for a moment the different objects the authors claim our attention in behalf of—should even a potatoe enter the list with a poney, my blood rises—my choler is excited.

Talk of propagation! Would the blockheads have us hesitate between a horse chesnut, and a chesnut horse! Common sense forbids it (particularly as it is to be the fashionable colour in harness this time five years); and as for preservation—Which should humanity first extend her arm to save? a cabbage or a cockney—a captain or a cauliflower? For these reasons I lament seeing, monthly, the names of several respectable friends of mine affixed to a work of such subordinate consideration. Had they spent as much time in riding upon turnips, as they have in writing upon

them, they might ere now have belonged to the first hunts in the country, and most fashionable clubs in town. But I fear the silk purse and the sow's ear are but too applicable to most of them.

In the ladies, however, Geoffrey will undoubtedly find warm advocates. Those lovely creatures, who delight so much in the propagation of their own beautiful species, will ever support the Animal System in preference to the Vegetable; nor waste their precious time and consideration on a carrot, which may be so much better employed in furnishing a cradle.

And whilst the frantic farmers that furnish their stuff for the Annals of Agriculture, shall be puzzling their brains to preserve a ragged flock of sheep from the rot, the fair sex shall be more nobly employed in the preservation of beauty, and what is more puzzling, though we daily see it attempted —the preservation of even The Human Face Divine, itself.

Emboldened by these considerations, that the Annals of Horsemanship will speedily drive the Annals of Agriculture out of the house of every man and woman of taste and feeling, I do not hesitate to foresee. From his answers to some of

the following letters it appears, that Mr. Gambado was somewhat irritable, as in a postscript, page 109, he rather snubs his correspondent for asking his advice. It should likewise seem that he was at this time rather short of cash, for he appears to have given advice for a fee; and once, if I recollect, treats of bad shillings. This, indeed, might a little sour his natural disposition, which, I have reason to believe from his physiognomy, was placid and amiable. I am told he seldom rode himself; and the only time he went six miles on horseback, he wore a pair of Diaculum drawers. That such an author should be no rider may appear marvellous at first, but, on reflection, we must acknowledge that we daily find people speaking and writing on what they know nothing at all about. Herein Geoffrey exceeds all I ever heard of: for such a book of knowledge as his Academy for Grown Horsemen, never yet made an appearance in the world.

The Editor, therefore, of The Academy for Grown Horsemen has now to congratulate the public on the discovery of another work from the pen of the much-admired Geoffrey Gambado; a work that contains some of the most useful and

extraordinary experiments, perhaps, ever made in Horsemanship; several curious customs and opinions of ingenious gentlemen, little known to the world, and some collected from very choice, but remote publications; together with (what will be no doubt esteemed invaluable), Geoffrey's most ingenious suggestions and prescriptions towards the removal of every difficulty and danger incidental to that most noble art: his answers to some queries put to him, and his criticisms on others that were unanswerable.

By the putting forth of this work the public must be let into much useful knowledge. The many practical attempts and achievements herein recorded prove, beyond a doubt, that such things have been; and having been, that in all probability such things are. And even those experiments that have not been attended, hitherto, with perfect success, may yet, like balloons, turn out to the most valuable account, when taken into hand by more skilful philosophers. The Editor here begs leave to remark, that the Diaculum Drawers above mentioned, are the only fabrics of the kind he ever heard of, and verily believes they are hitherto nondescript. He has some reason to think they are

yet extant (and should they be, they are worthy the search of the Dillettanti); for a sort of flannel breeches, apparently prepared in the same manner, but much damaged by time, &c. were last week offered to the Leverian Museum, but are said, for delicate reasons, to have been rejected by the proprietor as unfit for exhibition. What false delicacy! when the man pesters us every day with a non-descript in the papers; some old stinking fish, that never could be of service to man, woman or beast! whereas the drawers, like the North-west passage, if they could be once discovered, might prove hereafter of the greatest fundamental consequence to mankind at large, the Venetians only excepted.

THE EDITOR.

ADVERTISEMENT

IT clearly appears from the Preface to the following Work, that it was compiled prior to Mr. Gambado's appointment of Master of the Horse to the Doge of Venice; for it seems he had never at that time been above six miles from home.

To most of the Plates the Editor has thought fit to subjoin Latin mottos, as an elucidation of them to such of his Readers as do not understand English; and such he may perhaps meet with.

GEOFFREY GAMBADO

TO THE READER

I FLATTER myself the following compilation will not prove unwelcome to the Public; it blends information with amusement, and confirms how general is the thirst for knowledge in the present times, which is not to be idly checked by the loss of a limb or a life. The adventurers of this age are divided into two classes—*per mare, per terras*—of which latter description are my correspondents. Those, of the former, fancy they discover much, by being at sea for months together without sight of land—by the wanting wine and water, and getting neither—but at length espying something like an island unknown; it is perhaps more like an owzle than any one laid down in the charts. They do actually discover, however, that the natives will not let them go ashore, and that they must return as wise as they came. They discover that they have little left to eat, and less to drink; that they must live by sucking each others'

shirts for half a year; arrive miraculously at home, and write a book about it.

My Correspondents are of a different stamp; they discover that there is much left unfound out at home, and seem to be meritoriously employed in consequence. Going abroad, with them, I take to be only going out of the house and seeing the world, a laudable ride of a dozen miles. This opinion of seeing the world tempts me to digress a little. My apothecary, a man of knowledge and judgment, but who, no more than myself, had ever been above six miles from home, being obliged to visit a patient at the distance of twenty, actually returned in amazement, and assured me, he could not have thought the world was so big. These were his very words—and was not it mighty natural?

To shew how much of the natural he had in him, I cannot refrain from adding, that, having passed a turnpike or two, for the first time, in this excursion, he was in raptures at the piety of the people thereabouts; for he told me, that they had the Belief and the Ten Commandments painted upon blue boards at every gate—though he passed through and could not read them, having left his spectacles at home.

Pardon, gentle reader, this digression, which has informed you of an anecdote rather extraordinary. If you do not believe it, and should find out the subject, who was himself the narrator; don't venture to tell him so—He is a passionate man, rather inclined to let blood, and may perhaps, if you commit yourself to him, put you to death.

To return to business—The letters I have received have required a clever arrangement; and I thought it better to add my answers, or remarks, immediately to each, than to huddle the letters into one part, and the answers into a second. Cuts were also thought necessary towards the clearing up of some of the most blind descriptions of awkward situations and queer accidents which, I confess, are, here and there, but lamely made out by the writers. I wish my delineator may have succeeded in those I set him to. Several I have received, inclosed in letters from the sufferers, or experimental philosophers themselves, many of which are frightfully descriptive.

I request my Readers will be more attentive to what is contained in the following pages, than they were to my History of Cruppers, this being of a much more serious tendency—and a publica-

tion that for its salutary or wholesome advice ought to be printed for brass *. Some of the letters, indeed, border on frivolity, and some even on folly; but as they may divert, though they will not instruct, I shall not omit them; for bread, though tasteless, makes a savoury dish go down the better. And that this book may go down, I mean with the Town, now, and to Posterity by and by, when it has served its time and my turn here (for I expect some fame from it), is the very earnest wish of, courteous Reader, your very faithful humble Servant,

G. Gambado.

* Lest the Printer should forget his *erratum*, I must suggest, that Mr. G. could never mean FOR but IN brass.

Mr. G. mentions his History of Cruppers—a work new to my ears—but I shall be diligent in my search after it.

LETTER THE FIRST

Mr. Gambado!

I RETURN you my most hearty thanks for the very salutary advice you sent me last month, from which I have derived much improvement, and should have acknowledged sooner, had I made sufficient trial of the fine machine you recommended in such warm terms. My Hobby, as I told you before, is an admirable animal, and finely calculated for a pensive man, like myself, to take the air upon. It was a pity he was so prone to tumbling, and that too, in stony roads the most; for he was otherwise bordering on perfection. So I sent for a carpenter, on the receipt of your recipe, and had a large Puzzle of Oak made for him, after the pattern of those worn by the Squire's Pointers; and I have found it answer prodigiously.

I have had nothing like a bad fall lately, except one day in cantering over a ploughed field, where, upon a blunder, the machine entered the ground with such force as to introduce a portion of the Hobby's head along with it. We came

clean over, and for some time I thought my Hobby's neck was broke. I did not mind it myself, but I shall take care in future always to gallop on the hard road, and then such another catastrophe cannot ensue.

I am, Sir,

Your very obsequious humble Servant,

CALEB CASSOCK.

EYE, SUFFOLK.

P.S. I forgot to tell you my Parishioners stare at me a good deal. The Machine has an odd appearance, I own; but not altogether unpicturesque. I got the Drawing-master of Mr. Birch's school to send you a sketch of me. It is esteemed a likeness. That of the Hobby is rather flattering.

I have sent you also a sketch of my Puzzle for Dog and Horse, and a scheme for puzzling a Christian.

C. C.

MY REMARKS

I am happy to find the Puzzle has answered so well; and I doubt not, now it has been tried and approved by such a right-headed, Reverend Gentleman, one who is also so good a horseman, and understands all the matter so well, that, by producing his name, I shall be able to get a patent for it, which cannot but prove very lucrative; for who has the horse that he will swear will never tumble down?

DOCTOR CASSOCK FRS LPQ INVENTOR OF THE NOBLE PUZZLE FOR TURNING DOWN BOYLES
To Vehicular Die to Lizzedale Cemetery

This I believe would be a question that would pose (upon oath) every man on horseback in Hyde Park on Sunday.

Though Dr. Shaw himself, who is a great traveller indeed, has the modesty to assure us, that the Barbary horses never lie down; yet even he has not the effrontery to say that they never tumble down!

I received the sketches of the Puzzles for Dogs and Horses; and hold it fit an etching should be made of them, for the information of those who never saw such machines.

The scheme for puzzling Christians, I suppose, dropped out of the letter, for I never got it. There are however, so many schemes of that sort already about town, that it is no loss, I dare say.

G. G.

My Correspondent, I believe, did not dislike sitting for his picture—there appears such an amiable smirk in his countenance, and he says too it is esteemed a likeness.

Note to Letter the First

Although this Puzzle for a Christian, as he calls it, was dropped, I can conceive its being of use, if put upon one of these long story-tellers who catch hold of your button, and thrust their nose and mouth in your face, when perhaps it is highly necessary to keep them at arm's length. In the adjoining Plate, therefore, are delineated not only the Canine and Equestrian, but also the Christian Puzzle.

LETTER THE SECOND

Sir,

Your fame having reached us here, I sit down with pleasure to write to a man who I am certain will have an equal pleasure in satisfying the doubts that now occupy my mind. I would proceed and state every difficulty I find in the treatment and guidance of a horse, to which animal I confess I am rather an alien, although I have happily attained (yesterday it was) my thirty-fifth year. I was bred to a business that debarred me from an amusement for which I seem formed by nature, being, Sir, very short in the fork, and what our wits call duck-legged, and all my weight lying atop: and it was not till I emerged, as I may say, from the counting house, that I could make a trial of my abilities as a horseman. I really think I am going on well, that I am in a state of daily amendment and progressive improvement. The questions I have to put to you, Sir, are so short and simple that I will not divert your attention from them a bit longer, but put them down as they arise—they require nothing but an answer.

QUERIES

1. What part of my horse must I lay hold of to help me up, for his mane is cut off?

2. If he will turn to the left when I want to go the right, how can I help it?

3. If he slips his girths, and the crupper is of no use, what will supply its place?

4. Should he tumble down by day-light, whether you think he would in the dark?

5. What a breast-plate is? We have heard of it here, but our Saddler does not know how to make one. The Adjutant of the Militia says it is a sort of armour, to prevent the horse hurting himself by running against a waggon or a wall. But I say it can't be; because the horse's head should be armed, as that would hit the wall first, and prevent his breast receiving any damage. Pray solve this by return of post, as many bets are depending on it at our next Club.

6. How can I keep a horse cheap?

7. What is my best way to sell a bad horse, if I don't like him?

These are a few of the trifling questions I shall beg leave to trouble you with from time to time: and as it will be extremely easy, and, I dare say, agreeable to you, to answer them, I shall make no apology but with my assurance that I am, Sir,

Your devoted and very humble Servant,

SAMUEL FILLAGREE.

G. Gambado, Esq.

This fellow, with his assurance, appeared to be such a puppy, I could not answer him for some months; indeed his queries rather posed me: but his fees came in fast, and I was fain to solve them as well as I could.

The first I left to his better judgment, only suggesting that the ear of the horse and the pommel of the saddle were all that offered themselves in lieu of a mane, if his horse had none.

The second I could not assist him in.

The folly of the third raised my choler, and involving with it the fifth, I had not patience to enter on either of them; so I fear the bets at the Club are not yet decided.

The fourth and sixth were extremely easy to be answered; I never met with two queries more so. But the seventh, skilful as I am, I confess I could not reply to, to my Correspondent's satisfaction: and I shall be much bound to any of my Readers, who will tell me, how the business therein stated is to be brought about; being ever open to conviction, and not yet too old to learn.

G. G.

LETTER THE THIRD

From a Half-way House between CAMBRIDGE *and* NEWMARKET

MARCH 26, 1789.

SIR,

Having long been earnestly engaged in the study of mathematical science, and being fond of riding, two pursuits usually thought incompatible, I have been enabled, by means of this singular union, to strike out some important discoveries in both branches. The mathematical improvements in riding will, I hope, deserve a place in the Annals of Horsemanship; my equestrian discoveries in mathematics you must permit me to reserve for the Ladies' Diary.

My love for equestrian agitation is, I believe, more general than that of any other person; for whatever satisfaction may be usually experienced by riders while they continue on the backs of their horses, I have never yet met with or been informed of one, who received any sensible delight from the circumstance of being violently projected from the saddle. But here, Sir, from my passionate fondness for the mathematics, I enjoy a manifest advantage. From the concussions, repercussions,

and every other kind of compound motion which can be generated consistently with the due support of the centre of gravity, I enjoy, I will venture to say, at least as much satisfaction as any other rider: and at the time of being thrown off, or, in more proper language, projected from the horse, I experience a peculiar delight in recollecting that, by the universal laws of projectiles, I must, in my flight through the air, describe that beautiful conic section, a parabola.

After some accidents of this nature, I have been fortunate enough, notwithstanding the violent reaction of the ground in consequence of the strong action of my skull against it, to preserve my sense sufficiently to be able to ascertain the curve so generated by my body to describe it on paper, and demonstrate its peculiar properties: and am not without hope, if I can meet with horses not too sure-footed, by frequent experiments to determine what kind of parabola it is safest to describe; which problem will, I apprehend, be found very serviceable in practice, at the City Hunt in Easter week, and during the celebration of Epsom races.

Not long ago, by a particular convulsion of the animal from which I was so fortunate as to fall, I was very irregularly thrown to the earth, but had the satisfaction afterwards to discover that the

curve described in my fall was a segment of a very eccentric ellipse, of which the saddle was one focus; and that it was nearly, if not exactly, the same with the path of the comet now expected to return. And once by a succussation still more anomalous, I was happy enough to describe a new curve, which I found to possess some very amazing properties; and I hope effectually to immortalize my own name, by calling it *Angle's first Hippopiptic* curve.*

The first equestrian problem that I ever set myself to discover was this: "When by pulling the reins you prevent a horse from falling, where is the fulcrum or prop?—and how is the horse's centre of gravity prevented from being thrown beyond the base of his legs?" I will not trouble you now with the particulars of this difficult investigation; but shall only say, that it turned out greatly to the honour of the demipique saddles; which, accordingly, in the Mathematical Elements of Riding, that I mean hereafter to publish, I shall recommend very strongly in a Corollary.

A learned Student in Mathematics has long

* *Hippopiptic* expresses the mode of the curve's generation in falling from a horse:—from *Hippos*, a horse, and *pipto*, to fall, I call it *first*, because I hope by the same means to discover more hereafter.

published his ability and desire to construct breeches upon geometrical principles *.

Mr. Nunn is certainly ingenious, and his breeches, a few salient angles excepted, admirable: but the artist who should make bridles, saddles, and other equestrian paraphernalia, by the rules of pure mathematics, would render a much more praiseworthy service to the Public. For if the flimsy leather of breeches requires geometrical cutting, how much more necessary must it be to the tough hide which forms the bridle? and to what purpose will the geometry in the breeches operate, if the saddle, by which they are to be supported, and whose superficies they are to touch in as many points as possible, be formed ungeometrically? But I forbear to expatiate on a matter as plain as an axiom of Euclid; trusting, that whoever can perceive the utility of geometrical breeches, will readily argue *à fortiori* to the absolute necessity of geometrical saddles and bridles.

* Mr. Nunn's advertisement is as follows:

"BREECHES-MAKING improved by GEOMETRY."

"Thomas Nunn, Breeches-maker, No. 29, Wigmore-Street, Cavendish-square, has invented a system on a mathematical principle, by which difficulties are solved, and errors corrected: its usefulness for ease and neatness in fitting is incomparable, and is the only perfect rule for that work ever discovered. Several hundreds, (noblemen, gentlemen, and others) who have had proof of its utility, allow it to excel all they ever made trial of."

Pursuing my principles, I have demonstrated what is the right line to be drawn by the mathematical rider in every difficult situation. In ascending a horse's back, at what angle to extend the moveable leg, while the fixed one is rested in the stirrup: in leaping, how to regulate the oscillation, or balancing of the body, by attending carefully to that fundamental point which is your centre of motion: in starting, how to dispose of the superfluous momentum, and thereby to preserve in full force the attraction of cohesion between rump and saddle; in rearing, at what angle, formed by the horse's back with the plane of the horizon, it is most advisable to slide down over his tail! which, I maintain, is the only expedient that can be practised with a mathematical certainty of being safe; these, and many other important secrets, I am ready, at any time when called upon, to communicate. One I cannot even now withhold, which is this: that there is no good or truly geometrical riding, unless the legs be extended perfectly in straight lines, so as to form tangents to the cylindrical surface of the horse's body: in a word, to resemble, as much as possible, a pair of compasses set astride upon a telescope; which I conceive to be the perfect model of mathematical riding.

But besides this application of pure geometry, it has often struck me, that too little use is made, in riding, of the principles of mixed mathematics. Consider, Mr. Gambado, the six mathematical powers! the *lever*, the *wheel and axle*, the *pulley*, the *inclined plane*, the *wedge*, and the *screw*; and reflect with what advantage all these may be applied to the use of Horsemanship. By means of a *lever*, having an elevated fulcrum raised on the pommel of the saddle, an entire stop might be put to the practice of falling; except where the practitioner should voluntarily take a tumble, for the express purpose of studying the Parabola, or Hippopiptic Curve. The *wheel and axle* is already applied in the use of horses, though not in any branch of Horsemanship, except the driving of postchaises; but is also found so efficacious in preventing falls, that where a horse has been used to that assistance, it is not reckoned safe to ride him without. The application of the *wedge* might undoubtedly very materially improve the art of figging. The *screw* might with advantage be applied to the direction of the horse's head with more exactness, and consequently enable the rider to guide his course with mathematical accuracy. The *inclined plane* might happily be introduced to facilitate the backward slide of the rider at the

time of rearing, as above mentioned. And a system of *pulleys*, in the nature of Mr. Smeaton's, by giving the rider a force equal to the action of many thousand pounds weight, might for ever put an end to the dangerous vice of running away.

By the use of the principles of astronomy, I have invented a mode of taking the exact altitude of any horse, at two observations; and am at present at work on a Hippodromometer*, to ascertain the velocity of his course in the very act of riding.

But while I boast and I trust, with reason, of these discoveries, I must candidly confess that a rigorous attention to theory has sometimes betrayed me into practical errors. When my horse has been pulling earnestly one way my own intention being at the same time to go another, I have pulled strongly at right angles to the line of his course; expecting, from the laws of compound motion, that we should then proceed neither in the line of his effort nor of my pull, but in an intermediate one, which would be the diagonal of the parallelogram, of which our forces were as the sides; but have always found that this method produced a rotatory instead of

* From *Hippos* a horse, *dromos* a course, and *metrein* to measure.

a rectilinear motion. When a horse has run away, I have, to avoid the waste of force in my own arms, calculated the necessary diminution of it in his legs; but, unfortunately, estimating it as the squares of the distances multiplied into the times, I was frequently dashed against walls, pitched over gates, and plunged into ponds, before I discovered that it is not as the squares of the times, but merely as the times. I mention these circumstances by way of caution to other theorists; not being at all discouraged myself by such trifling failures, and hoping, by your assistance, to convince the world that no man can ever become a perfect rider, unless he has first made mathematics his hobby-horse. You will pardon this innocent play of words on a subject so serious, and believe me to be, Sir, with great esteem,

Yours, &c.

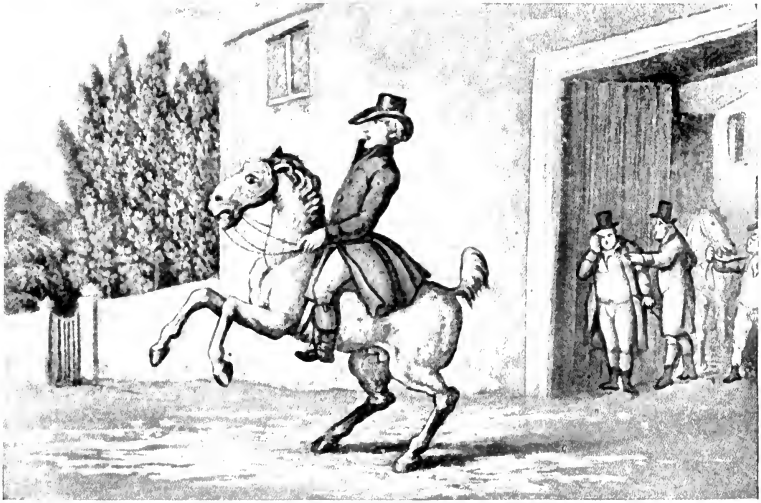
HABAKKUK ANGLE.

LETTER THE FOURTH

To Mr. G. GAMBADO

SIR,

I want your advice, and hope you will give it me, concerning a horse I have lately bought, and which does not carry me at all in



HOW TO MAKE THE MOST OF A HORSE

the same way he did the man I bought him of. Being recommended to a Dealer in Moorfields (who I rather think is no honester than he ought to be), I went to him, and desired to look into his stable, and so he took me in; with a long whip in his hand, which he said was to wake the horses that might perhaps be asleep, as they were but just arrived from a long journey, coming fresh from the breeders in the North. There were some fine looking geldings, I thought, and I pitched upon one that I thought would suit me; and so he was saddled, and I desired the Dealer to mount him, and he did, and a very fine figure the gelding cut; and so the people in the street said; and a decent man, in a scratch wig, said, the man that rode him knew how to make the most of him, and so I bought him. But he goes in a different manner with me, for instead of his capering like a Trooper, he hangs down his head and tail, and neither whip nor spur can get him out of a snail's galiop. And I want to know whether by law I must keep him, as he is not certainly the horse I took him for; and therefore I ought to have my money again.

The Limner in our lane was with me when I bought him, and has taken a picture of him as he was with the Dealer on his back, and another as

he now goes with me upon his back; by which you will see the difference, and judge better how to advise me upon it.

I am, Sir, your humble Servant,

TOBIAS HIGGINS.

LAVENDER ROW, SHOREDITCH.

Please to direct to Mr. *T. H.* Back-maker; or it may go to my Namesake the Turncock.

REPLY TO LETTER THE FOURTH

SIR,

Upon a strict examination of the two pictures by the Limner in your lane, I am clear you are in possession of the identical horse you intended to purchase, although he does not exhibit quite so much agility under you, or make so tearing a figure as when mounted by Mr. ——— whom I am well acquainted with, and who, you may depend upon, is as honest a man as any that deals in horse flesh. You could have no right to return the horse if he went no better than one with his legs tied. You stand in the predicament of Lord P———, who gave twenty guineas for Punch, and when he found he could not make him speak, prosecuted the Puppet-shew-man; but my Lord Chief Justice adjudged the man to keep his money,

HOW TO MAKE THE LEAST OF HIM
Quantum mutatus ab illo hectore

and my Lord, his Punch, although he could not get a word out of him.

My opinion is, Sir, as you ask it; that the decent man in the scratch wig made a very sensible remark, when he observed, that my friend Mr. —— knew how to make the most of a horse, and I am satisfied that you, Sir, know with equal facility, how to make the least of one.

I am, Sir, your humble Servant,

G. Gambado.

P.S. I am sorry to add, my Maid tells me, that two shillings out of your five were very bad ones.

LETTER THE FIFTH

To G. Gambado, *Esq.*

Sir,

As I consider you, both from your situation and eminence in the science of Horsemanship, as the superior and patron of all Riding Masters, permit me, an humble member of that honourable profession, to request your countenance in my endeavours to diffuse the noble and useful accomplishment over the whole kingdom.

It is well known that many of his Majesty's faithful subjects, whose occupations oblige them daily to figure as Equestrians; so far from having

been instructed in the art of Riding, are totally ignorant that any such art, or rather science, exists. For the benefit of these, I propose publishing a Treatise on Horsemanship, confined to the lower classes of life.

The first part I shall dedicate to the instruction of that very numerous and brilliant fraternity, called London Riders, or Bagsters; who cut, or rather (as my Lord Chesterfield will have it) make so smart a figure in a country town; for these gentlemen, I propose to point out and demonstrate, from irrefragable principles, the handsomest manner of riding behind their bags, with the genteelest method of rolling, strapping, and carrying their great coats. In a short digression, and a few marginal notes, I intend to drop some hints, instructing butchers in the smartest fashion of carrying a tray, whether loaded or empty.

I shall likewise risque a few thoughts respecting the theory and practice of the art of riding before a lady on a double horse, vulgarly termed *à la gormagon*, with some necessary instructions thereon; a due attention to which matters has more than once transplanted a coachman from his box, or a footman from behind the coach, and placed him in the carriage by the side of his Mistress.

I propose also to devote part of my labours to the service of the fair sex, in composing a set of easy rules for riding gracefully between a pair of panniers, and supporting a butter-basket in the most elegant style; a thorough possession of these attractions may draw the attention of the fox-hunting Squires, and possibly raise the Lady possessing them to the dignity of Spouse to his Worship the Justice.

That nothing may be wanting, I propose to appropriate a few pages to the art of sitting politely in carriages, with the most becoming attitudes adapted to each vehicle. Among others, the politest manner of airing, *en famille*, in a gig, accompanied with a husband and three children: and, as there is no situation wherein art cannot be advantageously employed, I shall give a few precepts for the most advantageous display of the person on a hay, pea, or dust cart. For the use of both sexes, I had also digested a few hints and directions, pointing out the most solemn and affecting manner of riding in a cart up Holborn Hill, from Newgate to Tyburn; but the late adoption of the New Drop has made them, in a great measure, useless in London; they may however be serviceable to persons under similar circumstances in country towns. As soon as I have

put my work together, I shall beg your opinion of it; being, Sir,

Your humble Admirer and most obedient Servant,

JAMES LA CROUPE.

The above Work, if well executed, promises to make a very pretty Supplement to mine.

G. GAMBADO.

LETTER THE SIXTH

SIR,

Being informed that you are now at home, and desirous of giving every information in your power to those who may stand in need of it, respecting their Horses, I beg leave to submit my case to you; which, considering how fond I am of the chace, you must admit to be a lamentable one. Relying however, Sir, as I do, on your Philanthropy (I should more properly say Philippigy), and that zeal in the cause which has so long characterised you, I make no doubt but the small difficulties I now labour under will be soon surmounted.

You must know, Sir, I am very fond of hunting, and live in as fine a scenting country as any in the

HOW TO DO IT [illegible] BY [illegible]
Stand clear all

kingdom. The soil is pretty stiff, the leaps large and frequent, and a great deal of timber to get over. Now, Sir, my brown horse is a very capital hunter; and though he is slow, and I cannot absolutely ride over the hounds (indeed the country is so enclosed, that I do not see so much of them as I could wish), yet, in the end, he generally brings me in before the huntsman goes home with the dogs; so, thus far, I have no reason to complain. Now, Sir, my brown horse is a noble leaper, and never gave me a fall in his life in that way; but he has got an awkward trick (though he clears every thing with his fore legs in a capital style), of leaving the other two on the wrong side of the fence; and if the gate or stile happens to be in a sound state, it is a work of time and trouble to get his hind legs over. He clears a ditch finely indeed with two feet, but the others constantly fall in; that it gives me a strange pain in my back, very like what is called a lumbago; and unless you kindly stand my friend, and instruct me how I am to bring these hind legs after me, I fear I shall never get rid of it. If you please, Sir, you may ride him a hunting yourself any day you will please to appoint, and you shall be heartily welcome. You will then be better enabled to give me your advice; you cannot have a proper concep-

tion of the jerks he will give you, without trying him.

I am, Sir, with due respect,
Your very humble Servant,
Nic. Nutmeg, Clerk.

Hinderclay near Botesdale,
Suffolk.

P.S. I hope what I have enclosed is genteel. *Mr. Geoffrey Gambado.*

THE ANSWER.

Reverend Sir,

Your brown horse being so good a hunter, and, as you observe, having so fine a notion of leaping, I should be happy if I could be of any service in assisting you to make his two hind legs follow the others; but, as you observe, they seem so very perverse and obstinate, that I cherish but small hopes of prevailing upon them.

I have looked, and found many such cases, but no cure. However, in examining my papers, I have found out something that may prove of service to you, in your very lamentable case.

An Hostler (or Osteler, for so I believe it is usually written, though I find in the most learned Dictionary in our language, which explains some

TRICKS UPON TRAVELLERS

thousands of words more than Johnson, that it is vulgarly and improperly written Ostteler, for Otsteler, query Oat-stealer, and this, it must be allowed, appears to be the true word) an Otsteler then has informed me, that it is a common trick played upon Bagsters, or London Riders, when they are not generous to the servants in the Inn, for a wicked boy or two to watch one of them, as he turns out of the gateway, and to pop a bush or stick under his horse's tail, which he instantly brings down upon the stick, and holds it fast, kicking at the same time at such a rate as to dislodge the Bagman that bestrides him. (The annexed Plate will shew how the stick should be placed). Here, Sir, is a horse that lifts up his hind legs without moving his fore ones; and just the reverse, as I may say, of yours; and, perhaps, the hint may be acceptable. Suppose, then, when your horse has flown over a gate or stile in his old way, with his fore legs only, you were to dismount, and clap your whip, or stick, properly under his tail, and then mount again; the putting him in a little motion will set him on his kicking principles in a hurry, and it is ten to one but, by this means, you get his hind legs to follow the others. You will be able, perhaps, to extricate your stick from its place of confinement, when you are up and

over (if you an't down); but should you not, it is but sixpence gone. I send you this as a mere surmise; perhaps it may answer, perhaps not.

I thank you for your offer, which is a very kind one; but I beg to be excused accepting it; all my ambition being to add to the theory, with as little practice as possible.

I am, Rev. Sir, your most humble Servant,

G. Gambado.

Rev. Nic. Nutmeg, Hinderclay,
Suffolk.

N. B. What you enclosed was perfectly genteel, and agreeable too.

Note

Mr. Gambado shews more good writing, at least more knowledge of what good writing should be, in the beginning of the above Answer than in any of his Letters. The judicious Reader will observe that the Answer at first is an echo of the letter it replies to.—This is approaching to excellence: it is bordering on the abilities of a Statesman; for so the Minister's address re-echoes the speech from the Throne. Geoffrey's parts appear surely calculated for more places than one; and I do not scruple to think it possible, that, with a proper education, he might have been on the Treasury Bench. And a very pretty Statesman, I dare say, he would have made.

Note

The Dictionary above alluded to, is a very deep work: instead of its containing more words by thousands only than are in Johnson—Johnson does not give us ten words that are in it—nor does it contain much above ten words that are in Johnson. No family should be without it, especially such as have plenty of young Masters and Misses in them; for it will at once satisfy any little doubt in their unfledged understandings, and let them into all the natural, but vulgar tricks and expressions that they ought to avoid. This admirable Dictionary is entitled a Classical Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue.

Note

If Lord Aboyne should lose his Crest, which I don't see how he can well do, I would advise him to adopt this print of Mr. Nutmeg's hunter, to which his Lordship's motto is finely applicable.

"*Stant cetera tigno.*"

LETTER THE SEVENTH

To G. Gambado, *Esq.*

Sir,

Hearing much of your knowledge in horses, I beg leave to ask your advice in a business wherein my delicacy as a Gentleman is deeply concerned, and flatter myself that you will sensibly feel for my situation, my future fortune in life in a great measure depending on your decision. I have the

happiness to be well received by a young Lady of fortune in this town, who rides out every morning, and has had the goodness to permit me to join her for some days past. I flatter myself I am beloved; but, Sir, the horse I ride is my Father's, and he will not allow me to part with him: and this horse, Sir, has an infirmity of such an extreme indelicate nature, that our interviews are broke off every five minutes, and my dear Miss S——— will perhaps ride away with some other Gownsman who is more decently mounted.

I really, Sir, dare not mention, in plain terms, the shocking failing of my horse; but, perhaps, if you look into Bailey's Dictionary, you may find it out under the article of Wind. Be pleased, Sir, to send me a recipe for this horrid infirmity, or I may lose my dear girl for ever. I have tried several experiments, but all in vain; and unless you stand my friend, I shall go distracted.

Infandum Regina jubes renovare dolorem.

I am, my dear Sir,

In a great fuss, Your's most truly,

GEORGE GILLYFLOWER.

ST. JOHN'S COLL. CAMBRIDGE.

P.S. Regina is not her name, don't imagine that. May I be allowed to say, I am very anxious for an immediate answer, as she rides out again on Friday next.

LOVE AND WIND

Juvenum pulcherrimus alter Alterâ quas Orietis habuit prævectus pueris

Ovid.

Memorandum

In consequence of the above, I sent the case to my Farrier, who forwarded directly some powders to Mr. Gillyflower with the following Note. The efficacy being so certain, the trifling indelicacy of the prescription must be excused.

Honoured Sir,

By advice from Mr. Gambado of your horse's complaint, I have sent you a powder so strong, that if administer'd night and morning in his corn, will be bold to say no horse in England shall ever fart again after Thursday next. Shall be very thankful for your Honour's custom in the same way in future, and your Lady's too, if agreeable; being, Honoured Sir,

Your Servant to command,

Jo. Wood.

At my House at Cheshunt every day. Horses shod agreeable to nature and according to art.

G. Gillyflower, Esq. St. John's Coll.
Cambridge.

Additional Memorandum

I thought it necessary to employ my Draughtsman to delineate an interview between a Gentleman and Lady enamour'd of each other, mounted on horses labouring under the infirmity mentioned in the above

letter. The attitude of the animals, at these times, is admirably singular; and has such an effect on the Rider, as always to attract his eyes towards the tail, to see what is the matter. Indeed the back becomes somewhat like that of a camel, until all is ventilated. I have seen so many things of this kind that I am concerned for the young Lady's feelings on this occasion, knowing they must be great. But still, those feelings, well delineated, might have as fine an effect as Le Brun's Passions. I fear, however, my friend Wood and his prescriptions will be in disgrace; for a day or two ago, the learned Dr. ——, of St. John's College (the same to which Mr. Gillyflower belongs), called on me for an ointment, to make the hair grow on his horse's tail; and talking about Mr. Gillyflower's horse, he said he knew him; that he had bought him out of the Duke of Norfolk's stud. I then told the Doctor of the awkward infirmity he had; upon which, he said he was not a bit surprised, for the horse was got by Phlegon, and Phlegon was one of the Sun's horses he drove in his chariot; and that Phlegon and the other three were all got by the Winds *; so that no Wood in the kingdom would be able to get his windy tricks out of him.

Mr. Gillyflower being a scholar, might have known as much, methinks.

G. G.

* Naturam (observed the Doctor) expellas furca tamen usque recurret.

LETTER THE EIGHTH

To the Editor of the Annals of Horsemanship

Mr. Gambado,

I am a tradesman, in the middling way, and keeps a shop in Holborn, where you may be furnished with the best hose, of all sorts, at the lowest prices; but being determined to pay every one their own, without swindling, cannot afford to keep a one horse shay, or a gigg; and yet having a wife and daughter grown up to woman's estate, I could wish, for quietness sake, to give them an airing to Highgate, Hampstead, or Hornsey, on a Sunday, like the rest of my neighbours; but this I cannot cleverly do on a single horse, which is all I keeps. I was therefore thinking, that as you knows all about these here things, you might tell me of some kind of saddle, whereby it might be done, for we are all of us little and very slight. I therefore takes the liberty of axing your advice, and am ready to make you the compliment of a pair of best boot stockings for it.

I think it is a shame the Society of Arts do not advertise a premium for finding out some œconomical scheme of this nature. Instead of which, at this very time, you have a parcel of fellows who

go about teaching folks to ride on three horses at once, when as how there are very few, in a moderate line, that can afford to keep half a one.

I am, yours, &c.

TIMOTHY LEG.

P.S. I have some notion the Legs are related to the Gambados. I know we are a kin to the Boots.

THE ANSWER

Mr. LEG,

If you can purchase a very long back'd horse, the thing you require is very practicable, and by one common, and two side saddles, you may all ride in file, or one behind the other; one lady facing to her right, the other to her left. But if your horse is of the short punchy kind, you may manage the matter nearly in rank, or all in a row, by means of two appendages like panniers.

Thus, I think, I can accommodate any body, who has more than two to be conveyed, and is either possessed of a long, or a short back'd horse.

I make no doubt but you are connected some way or other with us, I therefore have sent you all the wholesome advice I could. And as there is no contenting all, I hope, at least, the Legs

ME & MY WIFE AND DAUGHTER
O Terque Quaterque beati.

will be satisfied, whoever else may grumble. I am your friend & kinsman,

G. Gambado.

Your boot stockings will be very acceptable, as I have a touch of the gout in my knees.

LETTER THE NINTH

To Mr. G. Gambado

Mr. Gambado,

The following very singular affair happening in my presence yesterday, I take the earliest opportunity of informing you of it: in hopes, if any other accounts of it should reach you, my story may be heard first. I was just come out of my parish church, where I had, indissolubly I suppose, united one John Mudd, to one Elizabeth Middleditch. I was detained some time in the belfry, reprimanding my Clerk for suffering a tribe of filthy dogs to be parading the aisle during the nuptial ceremony; when, on my entering the church-yard, I descried John, rather too sweet upon Elizabeth, and conducting her among the tomb-stones, under the large apple-trees. I instantly sallied to rout them, which, as I was effecting, I heard a noise of a tremendous kind,

and looking up, saw (it is a fact) a fierce-looking man, mounted on a horse of great magnitude, prancing in the middle of an apple-tree. He showered down the pippins like hail upon us, and, as I saw he was about to descend, I, for fear of the worst, took to my heels, and was home, I believe, in a shorter time than I was the Sunday before, when there was a danger of a turbot's being overdrest. The parish have taken it up; and I understand, stories of the turbot are handed about, to hurt me with the Bishop; and this last business of the apple-tree is turned into very shameful scandal. But the above is truth, I am ready to affirm. I have since heard, that the figure and horse came to the earth, and flying over the church-yard wall, were seen no more. I have put some of the pippins in brandy (not to be eaten), as no doubt they will fetch a high price when this story is publickly known. I am told also, that after my taking to flight, John and his Mate returned under the apple-tree, no more dismayed than if they had seen a common man a-horseback.

I am, Sir, most assuredly yours,

G. Tackem.

Whether this was somewhat preternatural or no, I cannot determine. I am a good deal staggered in

my belief, and dare not, at present, make publick my opinions. But I should be glad to hear yours. I have, however, determined to have the apple-trees down.

MY OBSERVATIONS

This is very hard upon the apple-trees, and harder upon those that make pies from them. The story certainly seemed surprizing at first; and being, I confess, a little superstitious, I suspected my Divine was none of the over-righteous, and that either a spirit, or his conscience, frightened him. But the matter was soon cleared up, by the receipt of the following letter, which came to my hands about five days after the other.

Mr. Sir,

I forgot your name, and so got a friend to direct this to you. I am told you are a useful man, that you publish all you receive, and believe all you publish. Now, if you can swallow this, you will any thing; though I'll be d——d if it is not true. Last Thursday our hounds started a hare so suddenly whilst we were chatting and lolling carelessly, that, by G—, my horse, who pulls like the devil, was off with me in a jiffey. As ill luck would have it, the curb broke, and he ran straight on for the cliffs above the Scar. I was in a hell of a stew, but stuck fast, and pull'd, and haul'd, to try to turn him, but to no

purpose: for he made a sort of a shy towards the cliff, and down we both went, by G—d. As good luck would have it, we came plump into a large apple-tree, in a church-yard, where we swung for some time, but the boughs gave way, and brought us safe and sound to land. I tipp'd my nag over a broken place in the wall, and soon found the hounds again. But the finest thing of all was, when we first lit in the apple-tree, up bounced a fine girl from underneath; and a moment after, ecod! old Pudding-sleeves himself, in full regimentals; I gave him a tantara, and the Doctor ran like a hare. You may insert this if you please, and as it is a fact, you may tack my name to it; being, your humble Servant,

HENRY BEAGLE, Jun.

HUNTSCRAG.
NORTHUMBERLAND.

OBSERVATIONS

The above extraordinary affair appeared first in the publick paper at Newcastle, and was afterwards copied into those in London; the anecdote of the Clergyman excepted. I own I did not give credit to it, until I received the above letters, which put it beyond all doubt. For one of my correspondents was the person himself who made the extraordinary descent; and the Doctor, who vouches for it, I should imagine, had as lieve it had never happened.

It is indeed worthy a place in these Annals, as a

very singular accident; but I know not what knowledge is to be derived from it, except, that a down leap is not so very dangerous, provided you have an apple-tree to leap into: at the same time, such a tree affords but bad shelter for an amour, at least at the foot of a steep cliff, as the Doctor must admit.

G. G.

LETTER THE TENTH

SIR,

Permit me, through the channel of the Penny Post, to address you on a subject I do not entirely understand; and which you, no doubt, from the eminence of your name, are a most complete master of. I have bought a grey gelding lately, which I had never seen out of the stable, but he looked a very grand figure in a stall, and they assured me he was sound: so, Sir, I bought him, and the next day mounted and rode him to Chiswick. The horse, Sir, I presumed went oddly; and I got the hostler of the King of Bohemia to get up instead of me, and let me see him go. He went extremely well with his fore legs, just clearing the ground; but he lifted up his hind ones as if he was dancing, or drunk: it is the most fantastic way of going I ever saw; and I sent, and said I should return him: the gentleman

said no—that a horse could not go too much above his ground; and if it was with his hind legs, it was better he should do so, than trip before and behind too. I wish to know your opinion upon this: whether I must take him, or not. I am the joke of the road wherever I go, and the blackguards advise me to ride him tail foremost. I don't love a joke, especially wherein concerned myself; and rather than have another cut upon me, I shall cut riding entirely, and sell this palfrey of mine to the proprietors of the Brentford Fly. It is a pity, Sir, that there is not room in the Leverian, or any other Museum, to exhibit the extraordinary motions of Bipeds and Quadrupeds; which, I think, are often more wonderful than their structure. Had there been such a convenience, I could have sold my horse for a hundred guineas, as a shew; and provided for a damn'd old Uncle of mine, that is always in my way.

Awaiting your answer, I am, Sir,

Your most respectful Servant,

R. Morecraft, Jun.

Seething Lane,
London.

N.B. Having just mentioned what I could sell my horse for, under particular circumstances; I must beg

you, at the same time to understand, that he is at your service for five guineas.

G. Gambado, Esq.

Memorandum to Letter the Tenth

I remember answering this flippant young gentleman. But I could neither make him comprehend, that his horse was afflicted with a double portion of the String Halt, or that he was to give me a fee for my trouble. So our correspondence closed. But the horse is actually to be seen going, four times a day, in the Greenwich, not the Brentford, Fly, with a dog on his back; and so very rare and uncouth is his method of handling his hind legs, that I have never seen so extraordinary an instance of excellence in canine equitation.

G. G.

N.B. The Public to be told, I am not to be trifled with. This young gentleman never wanted my advice, I dare say; put me to some expence in letters, about a damn'd horse, which he had better have given to his Uncle at once, for his own riding. I don't love a joke myself.

LETTER THE ELEVENTH

To Mr. Geoffrey Gambado

Sir,

The following extract of a Letter from Newmarket, fell into my hands lately, near Chester.

It contains an account of so extraordinary and severe a race, and exhibits such an instance of bottom in three horses, as can scarcely be parallelled in the annals of racing. I hope it comes under the description that will gain it admittance into your publication. I have made much enquiry at Newmarket about it, and can only make out, that the Oldest Jockeys suppose it to be a letter from the Duke of Wharton to Sir William More, in Cheshire, who was his confederate on the turf.

I am, Sir, your very humble Servant,

JOHN HAYMAN.

LETTER THE TWELFTH

Extract of a LETTER *from Newmarket*

THURSDAY.

"This Day the following horses started for the King's Plate: Lord Godolphin's b. H. Shakespear, by his Arabian, out of a True Blue Mare; Lord Portmore's b. H. Looby, by Bright's Arabian, out of a Partner Mare; Mr. Panton's ches. H. Partner, by the Lonsdale Arabian, out of a sister to Bonny Black. The bets were 2 to 1, the field against Shakespear.

1st Heat. Shakespear took the lead, and supported it at his usual deep rate, through the

furzes, to the top of Choakjade, with Looby in his quarters all the way; but, in coming down the hill, he ran up to him, and they disputed the lead every inch, to the three mile post, where Looby gained about half a length, and kept it, till they came over-against the Well Gap; but before they reached the distance post, it was impossible to discern which was first, and they ran in so close together, that it could not be decided which won. Partner lay by, pulled up, and walked in.

2d Heat. Partner made all the play for the first two miles; and Looby, perceiving that Shakespear did not intend to call upon him, began to be very busy along the ditch, and gave him so much trouble upon the flat, that just as they entered the cords, they were both at laps, and ran it every yard in; but Looby being distressed by the severity of this, and the first heat, was forced to submit to his adversary, though with great honour, by half a neck. This raised the odds to 3 to 1 Shakespear did not win; which were accepted by the judicious part of the turf, who relied on the Godolphin blood, and the honesty of the True Blues. Shakespear went away briskly the 3d Heat, closely pursued by Partner, while Looby lay too far behind to profess disputing this heat, as he had bravely

done the two first. They were now in the third mile, and Partner had never attempted to take the lead; for, as he was conscious he had the foot, though not the stoutness of Shakespear, he intended to reserve his push as long as possible; but Shakespear being aware of that, and trusting to his bottom, began to make running as he crossed the ruts, and displayed all his power upon the flat, with good resolution: but could not conquer his adversary, till the rising ground from the distance to the winning post, by means of his superior strength, declared the contest in his favour, by half a length, hard run. This brought the bets to even money, Shakespear against the field.

The 4th Heat they all jumped off at score, and ran the first two miles as if they intended to tear one another to pieces; they then slackened their pace, and came gently together to the flat, when they ran at the top of their speed above half a mile, in which they prevailed by turns; whilst new wagers echoed from the Betting Gap and cords every moment. And now Shakespear, having indulged a little pull, in order to have something in hand at coming in, was thrown two lengths behind, and the other two continued close together, stuck and cut every yard, when he made a loose, as his last effort, and catched them within twenty

yards of the ending post dead run, and their riders almost exhausted; when Partner broke down, and Looby yielded the victory, scarcely by half the head, and with it his life, for he died immediately after the heat.

"The weather is extremely fine, abundance of good company, and the battle was so equal, that the vanquished disdained to mourn, and the victor refused to triumph.

Entered for the Mares Plate to-morrow

Juliet, full sister to Shakespear.
Cordelia, by Cyprus, out of Bonny Black.
Violante, by Bay Bolton, out of a Snake Mare.
Camilla, by the Curwen b. Barb. out of Roxana's dam.
Rosalinde, by Childers, out of Brockels by Betty.
And my ches. Mare, Arethusa.

"The chief bets at present are; even money my mare and Juliet against the field. They are all in fine condition, and it will undoubtedly be a smoking heat, for I shall order my mare to go off at score, and run it every yard; you know she'll come through without a pull. As soon as the battle is over, I'll send you an account of the victory by Tom, and am extremely sorry that your indisposition detains you from your favourite diversion, the turf.

"Hannibal is fallen lame, and your horse will win hollow on Saturday. Victim has paid forfeit to my young horse, and I have matched him with Pluto for a thousand."

OBSERVATIONS

This was a race indeed, and worthy recording in my Annals. Many thanks to the Correspondent who communicated it.

G. G.

LETTER THE THIRTEENTH

To G. Gambado, *Esq.*

Good Sir,

I am in great haste, having a great quickness of pulse, and my bed being now warming; but cannot get into it without informing you how fast I came home from Market to-night, and upon my old mare too, who was always unkind before as to going. But so it happened. The old Mare, that I could never get to go above three miles an hour, as soon as ever I was up, set off, and the devil could not stop her till she got home—ten miles in about 58 minutes. I'm in a sweat yet. But I have found out her motive, and now the Public may make use of it—I had bought a couple of lobsters to carry home, had their claws tied up,

HOW TO MAKE THE MARE GO.
Non quia sed Quomodo

and put one in each of my great coat pockets—Well, the old gentleman in my right pocket (a cunning one, I warrant him) somehow or another contrived to disengage his hands, and no doubt soon applied them to the old Mare's side, and, I imagine, had got fast hold of a rib by the time I reached the 1st mile-stone; for she was mad I thought, and my hat and wig were gone in a twinkle —(a wig made by the man who advertises they never fly off the ears—a rascal—wigs may now be universally complained of). However, when I got off, and had taken a little breath, I went into the kitchen to unload, but missed one of my lobsters; so I run back into the stable, and there was the hero hanging at the old Mare's side: she'd had enough of it, and so stood quiet. I eat the soldier to-day, and had like to have died of laughing the whole time. Now, don't you think a lobster might turn to account where a horse is a little dull or so —mind me—if one of these fellows is not worth more than a dozen pair of Mr. Moore's best spurs, I'm a Dutchman—for I have worn out a dozen upon the aforesaid mare in the course of the fifteen last years. It's easily done, only putting no handcuffs on them, and they'll soon go to work and do your business. Pray, Sir, don't you think they might be of use to the light dragoons?

I thought myself bound to inform you of this, as hoping it would prove a great national discovery: I mean to keep lobsters on purpose, for it's cheaper than buying a horse instead of my old mare; and I can go faster with one of them in my pocket than I could post. When my boys come home from school, to hunt in the Forest, I mean to treat each of them with a crawfish for his pony, and then, I think, we shall head the field.

I am, Sir, yours, ever in haste,

PETER PUFFIN.

LETTER THE FOURTEENTH

Mr. GAMBADO,

I have just received the inclosed letter. As it seems worthy publication, I beg you would insert it in the Annals of Horsemanship, which I hear you are going to bring out.

I am, your humble Servant,

R. TATERSALL.

SIR,

As I cannot conveniently attend in person at your celebrated Repository in London, and being in great want of such a kind of horse, as I shall specify below, and as I presume in your own Stud you have more than one, such once

victorious Steed on the Turf, though superannuated for the Race, yet capable of easy Road exercise (and the Writer here pretends to be as good an Horsemaster as any in the Universe), I confide on your supposed candour to excuse this liberty, after much debating in my mind, to write immediately to yourself (having heard last summer Mr. Score, a Flint-merchant, speak much to your praise, who dines, he said, often at your Ordinary). I hope, therefore, you will indulge a Stranger's request, as most probably you may have such a Steed (in your own Stud) to dispose of; which will be esteemed a singular favour to your unknown, at present, though very humble Servant,

SAMUEL LANGLEY, (D.D.)

Wanted an Horse, M. or G. of size and strength, that has figured on the Turf, that will be sold cheap, as being in years, but not past gentle road use, perfectly quiet and temperate, whose paces are smooth and easy to the Rider, and free from all vice.

P.S. If an Horse be recommended, I had rather he had covered, if he will be ridden on the road in company with a Mare, and be quiet as a Gelding. But I shall not approve of one, either blind, lame, or broken-winded. Stiffness at starting I shall not regard it, nor his Age, though in his Teens, if his

constitution be good, and he can feed well, and yet go well, and safely to the Rider.

A line (and I pray such compliments may be speedily vouchsafed me) of the Size, Age, Pedigree, Colour, and his Performances, with his lowest Price, will be immediately attended to. If I approve of the account and the terms, I shall send to buy and ride him down. The distance is about 142 miles (measured) which he may perform, in 3 or 4 days, as you shall advise.

CHECKLEY, May 14, 1789.

The Rev. Dr. Langley,
Checkley near Cheadle, Staffordshire.

LETTER THE FIFTEENTH

To Mr GAMBADO

SIR,

I have long lamented that Riding should be attended with such expence; and see no reason why many articles attending it, which cost money, might not as well be dispensed with as not. If a Gentleman, when his Bills are brought in, is somewhat put to it to pay for Hay and Corn (which, by the bye, are necessary, or his Horses would be no better than Jack-Asses), why should he be so very extravagant in the article of Leather? Your Gentleman now-a-days must have to his

HOW TO PREVENT A HORSE SLIPPING HIS GIRTHS
Non sibi sed Patria

bridle, two head-stalls, and two reins; to his saddle, two flaps on each side, two girths, a crupper or a breast-plate—perhaps both, not forgetting a martingale, with its appendages. I have actually seen a young Cockader, about town, with a breast-plate on his horse, that threw his saddle forwards, merely to be tasty; whilst his Companion's nag, who slipt his girths, had a crupper on like a Dragoon's. But, Sir, these Chaps are not confined to their expenditure in leather—Only observe the buckles and studs, &c. that ornament their trappings—Not a bridle, but would furnish a dozen of knives and forks—nor a saddle that has not a tea-kettle and lamp upon it.

Our Forefathers never rode in this way, and I am happy that I foresee a Revolution is at hand.

It is needless to reprobate such expence, as the Sadler's bill probably brings in the punishment along with it.

Whether Adam, or Cain, or Abel ever rode, it does not appear; but they had Horses, and Dogs, and Foxes and Hares; and why are we not to suppose that they went a-hunting, and had as good sport as we have (nay, better: for they had no Huntsmen)? They must, however, have rode without saddles, it is pretty clear.

I do not find that these superfluities were held in

much esteem in the time of the Romans. Raphael in his picture of Attila, at Rome, has treated us with a Hun or two, riding after the fashion of their country, I suppose. The devil of a bit of a bridle have they—nothing but a strap round their horse's neck, which they hold at each end with their hands. Nor are their Nags of the quietest either, but seem to be showing their agility and caprioles to the best advantage. By no means such Palfreys as either I, or you, Mr. Gambado, would like to bestride without a bridle, and a good plain saddle too.

One Stanurtius (a very learned old author) tells us, that in his time, the Wild Irish (I don't understand how he distinguishes the Wild Irish) used to ride in a strange way, but you must admit they had no bridles.

"Jubarum setas, aut equorum auriculas sinistrâ apprehendunt; atque dum equi obstipis capitibus quiete si inclinant, equites, etiam loricis aut sagis amicti, mera corporis agilitate se efferunt, divaricatisq! cruribus ephippia occupant."

Which may be thus turned into English—

"They seize their Horses manes, or their ears, with their left hand, and while their Horses were thus kept steady, the Riders, even if covered with their cuirasses or sagums, exerting a wonderful agility of body, spring astride into the saddle."

HOW TO RIDE WITEOUT A BRIDLE

Prandium est ut sic mens sana in corpore sano

By this it appears to be very lucky, that cropping Horses was not then the fashion, or they would have had but little command of them. The Wild Irish now, I am told, have reversed the mode, and taken up the tail instead of the poor ears, which are neglected.

The Tartars of this day, Mr. Gambado, have no saddles, but ride upon a Beef Steak, or a slice of Horse-flesh; which, by that means, becomes sufficiently done for them to eat, by the time they have finished their airing. What a delicious succedaneum for a saddle; it answers two purposes at once. If a saddle ever answers a second, it is of galling you confoundedly.

I have dropt a hint of a Revolution—and I expect one. Let the Huns look to it; a successful experiment of riding in their way has lately been made in my country, but whether from motives of œconomy, curiosity, or emulation, I am yet to learn.

Mr. John Mann, a most eminent Taylor of Bury St. Edmunds, was one day observed to mount his horse (which stood at the door of a Gentleman's house in the neighbourhood) when the bit was out of his mouth, and, in that manner, to proceed rapidly towards home. My Informant followed him from curiosity; and, from what he

could observe, saw no alteration in his riding except that he reeled a little at times, a circumstance exceedingly natural; and although he had three turns to make to the right, and two to the left, to thread the needle through some Mackerel carts on the road and a Water to pass; (where, by the bye, he let his horse stop too long, and drink too much), yet he arrived safe and sound at home.

Now considering the five angles, the Mackerel carts, and his not going over the bridge, which was the right way; I question but such a performance might have puzzled one of Attila's fellows.

As bridles begin to shake, so I may well say, saddles totter. The Tartars must not think themselves the only Moderns who ride without them. It was but two years since, at Ascot Heath, that the thing was attempted and achieved over the Course there. Two Gentlemen rode a match, and, wonderful as it appeared to modern Britons, one was seen to arrive at the ending-post without his bridle, and the other without his saddle. The latter Gentleman had not even a beef-steak to sit upon, nothing but a pair of corduroys between him and the horse's back, the saddle following him behind like a pillion.

By these proficiencies then let us hope, Sir, we may knock off soon a very useless portion of expence—overtake a Hun, and perhaps catch a Tartar.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient Servant,

JOHN HICKATHRIFT.

MY OBSERVATIONS

The extraordinary performances of the Wild Irish astonish nobody. I had never heard of a Hun, when I read Mr. H.'s Letter first, and thought he meant a Hum. This may be a pretty way of riding, for any thing I know; but I am for a bridle and saddle; and shall not grudge twenty pennyworth of leather to make a martingale of, if it may save some of my teeth. Vale JOHN HICKATHRIFT.

G. G.

LETTER THE SIXTEENTH

GEOFFREY GAMBADO

EDITOR OF VARIOUS LEARNED PERFORMANCES

SIR,

You have, no doubt, heard of a description of Natural Philosophers, called Pigeon Fanciers, who breed the bird of that name, and all its varieties. I was once, Sir, a member of

this community, till growing tired of Pouters, Tumblers, Nuns, Croppers, Runts, &c. &c. I was resolved to enlarge my ideas, by extending my researches; and abandoning the Biped, to obtain a closer acquaintance with the Quadruped, I became a Horse Fancier. Being fond of riding, and daily observing, in my airings to Brentford, a very great variety of horses, and a still greater variety in their motions; I some years since set about making a collection of such as were singular and eccentric in their shapes and actions, and flatter myself no private museum can have boasted of a more admirable variety than I have possessed. I mean some day or other to class them, and by so doing, think I shall be able to convince the Naturalists, that, from their form and performances, many horses are allied to the cow and some to the hog kind. In the mean time, I shall just mention to you a few varieties of this same animal, which I have had in my possession; and which may, perhaps, afford you an hour or two's amusement and reflection.

I luckily picked up a Daisy-cutter, by his throwing me down on the smoothest part of the grass, in Hyde Park. I had heard of this description of horse frequently, but could not believe the accounts of it, till I found them verified, by ex-

THE TUMBLER OR ITS AFFINITIE

periencing his accomplishments myself. It seems a problem difficult to solve, how a horse can put forward his fore legs, without bending a joint of them, or, how he can meet with an impediment to throw him down upon ground perfectly smooth! —but so it is. The Daisy-cutter is admirably easy in his motion, and having once made the experiment, upon, and from his back, I am perfectly satisfied, and now keep him for my wife's own riding.

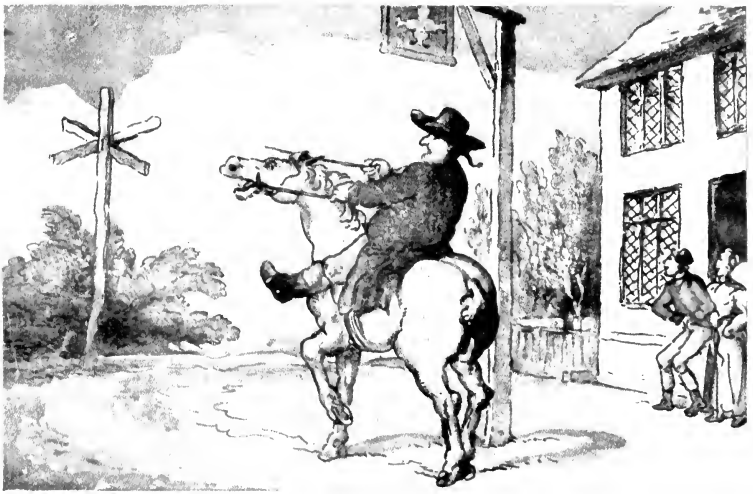
Of this variety there is still a variety: this horse I likewise possess, and keep as a curiosity. I imagine he must come from some distant country, although he is nicked after the English fashion; for I cannot get any native to ride him twice.—I have tried a Frenchman with no better success, all declining a second attempt. This animal resembles the Daisy-cutter perfectly in the use of his fore legs: but instead of carrying his head and neck horizontally, like him, they are raised so high, that his ears are in a perpendicular line with the pommel of the saddle, and his eyes always fixed on the heavens. His fore parts, when in motion, by this means, much resemble a double fish-hook, or an anchor, and I therefore propose to class him under one of these denominations.

The Threatener is another of this species that

ought not to be forgot, and indeed he seldom is by any one who has once possessed him. By the Threatener, Man himself, the Lord of the Creation, who subdues all the animals that range the forest, is himself kept in fear and trepidation. This ingenious animal has the sagacity at every step to threaten the fracture of his rider's neck; probably with a view to discourage and even abolish the custom of riding in general: and at the same time the good sense not to fall quite down, lest he should accidentally break his own. As amongst pigeons, so amongst horses there are Tumblers. The feat is, however, performed differently, and varies considerably in its effects on the performers. As the pigeon executes this without anything on its back: so the horse seldom achieves it, without somebody upon his. To the latter therefore we must give the greatest share of merit, who ventures to perform upon a hard road what the other does only in the air, without even a cloud to brush against; the one preferring, it seems, the Milky, and the other the high way.

Amongst horses I have never discovered a Pouter; but I have had a fine Puffer*. The

* The Puffer, if properly kept on plenty of hay and water, and with little exercise, will in a short time gratify his Keeper by changing into another variety, which we call a Roarer.



A HORSE WITH A NOSE
In hoc signo vinces

noise he made, however, and particularly when at his business, was not pleasant; and I let a neighbour have him cheap, who had a good three-stall museum, and a very heavy vehicle to draw; so that in all weathers he might enjoy the entertainment of his very extraordinary qualifications.

It is well known that there is a horse that is a Carrier, so is there a pigeon likewise. But as it may not be known to every one, I must inform you, Sir, that, from very long observation, I find the pigeon is the most expeditious of the two.

I am at this moment, Sir, in possession of a horse that has a Nose, if I may so call the sense of smelling in a high degree: I do not perceive that he often hits upon game as the dog does, but he makes for a stable door with great avidity; nay, so certain is he of discovering where victuals and drink are to be had, that it is with the utmost difficulty I can get him to pass a sign-post; and it requires no small exertion of arms and legs to prevent his running into every alehouse on the road with me. These are evident signs of a very fine nose: it is a little inconvenient, to be sure, particularly if one is in haste; but the qualification is singular. This variety I shall call the Setter, both from his possessing the faculties of the dog so called, and from his proneness to set

down his load wherever entertainment for man and horse is to be found. I shall not at present enter into more varieties, but postpone my communications to another opportunity: only having just touched upon the horse with a Nose, I must inform you, that one of my neighbours, an Attorney, tells me he has a horse that has no mouth. Although my stalls are all full, I shall certainly purchase this uncommon animal, if he is to be had; as, from his formation, the possession of him can be attended with little or no expence but the prime cost.

I am, Sir, Your very humble Servant,

BENJ. BUFFON.

LETTER THE SEVENTEENTH

To Mr. GAMBADO

SIR,

Intending the following account of a most extraordinary phænomenon that appeared in our parish two days since, for the Philosophical Transactions; I should not have sent it to you, but that there was a horse concerned in it, and so strange a one, that I thought that if you were not informed of it, you would be concerned yourself. I have drawn it up to the best of my abilities. It is as follows:

HOW TO TRAVEL UPON TWO LEGS IN A FROST
Ostendunt terris hunc tantum Fata neque ultra Esse sinent

On the morning of the 6th instant, the weather intensely cold, the ground covered with ice or frozen snow, as I may say, precisely at the hour of eight, A.M. as Mary Jenkins (who lives as servant at the Fox and Crown public-house, just on the brow of Highgate Hill), a young woman about nineteen years of age, of a fresh complexion and sanguine habit, was lying awake in her bed (Reaumur's Thermometer then standing at only and Fahrenheit's at), she heard a shout of an uncommon kind; and running to the window, the following phænomenon presented itself to her view. A man, drest much after the manner of the English, but of a fierce and terrifying aspect, seemed to pass the Fox like lightning, mounted on something like a horse; but such a one as she had never before seen; having the head, neck and fore-legs of those of this country, saving that the legs were stretched out and void of motion; he was furnished with a pair of wings, and his hind parts descended from his head obliquely to the ground. She verily believes he had a forked tail, but that hind-legs he had none. The man sat very stiff and upright, and continued his shouts (which from what I can make out from the Girl's imitations of them much resembled the war-whoops of the Indians), until he turned the

corner by the Boarding-school, where she lost sight of him. But he was again visible to her naked eye at the foot of the hill; when some sleet falling, he wholly disappeared.

The poor Girl, exceedingly terrified, awakened the family, and was ordered to go to Dr. ——, to take oath of what she had seen: which she did.

Being one of the first who heard of it, I bustled about, and got a good deal of information concerning the progress of the phænomenon, and think I can ascertain at about what rate he travelled.

As the clock struck eight, Mary Jenkins saw him on the brow of the hill.

Mamselle de Bellefesse, the Teacher at the Boarding-school, being called up before her time, and in a small building which looks into the road just at the turn, her watch luckily by her side, saw the strange gentleman pass, precisely at eight and three seconds. She describes him differently from Mary Jenkins, though they both agree in the wings. "Il me sembloit avoir le visage de Cupidon avec les ailes de Psyche*"—says Mamselle de B. At eight and six seconds the Blind Beggar, by his computation, heard him pass the Cheese-cake House. At eight and eight seconds

* Which I learn means—He seemed to have the face of Cupid and Psyche's wings.

A.M. the man coming to sweep the chimneys met him at the finger-post. In a second after he knocked down and went over Alice Turner, the Saloup Woman; and exactly at eight ten seconds, Mary Jenkins saw the last of him. Now calculating the seconds and the distances between each spot where he was seen, it is evident he went at a prodigious rate. Childers would have been a fool to him. But he had wings, indeed, which perhaps may be more useful than hind-legs, otherwise I could not have conceived it.

That there are horses of the kind in nature I make no doubt; as the Lords of the Admiralty authorise us to believe it, by exhibiting two in the front of their House of Office at Whitehall. To these horses Mary Jenkins's seems to be nearly allied; and perhaps by enquiring at the Admiralty we may be informed where they may be had. As we lie on the great North Road, I should suppose this, that came through our town, might be what they call a sea-horse, and came from Lapland or thereaways.

If you can throw any light on this wonderful phænomenon, Sir, I hope you will make it public for the good of the community.

I am, Sir, Your humble Servant,

WILLIAM GORGET, Surgeon.

HIGHGATE, Feb. 26th.

P.S. I can't get it out of my head the pace the Gentleman went, considering the interruption he met with from riding over the Saloup Woman.

The Parish Officers had a long meeting about this strange man that shewed his face here. But I soon convinced 'em he had not staid long enough in the parish to gain a settlement; and so they are easy. But there is great debates in the Vestry, and in the Coffee-house, and Mr. Figg's shop, yet about it.

MY OBSERVATIONS

I was much staggered when I read this account first; but finding, on enquiry, that Mr. GORGET, the Surgeon, was a Barber, I grew easier, and was no more afraid of the North Road than any other—I shall however be a little more cautious of the folks that lie on it.

After all the investigations that have been made about the Phænomenon of Highgate-Hill, and the search into all books that treat of Witchcraft; Glanville, and Moore and Wanley: and after all the controversy that has been entered into by the unhappy inhabitants, which has thrown that wretched parish into more distraction than ever fell to the share of St. Paul in Covent Garden! no Vagrants past on—no Vagabonds taken up—no Turncocks to be found—all the Water at a stop—all the Gin a-going—how satisfactory must a glimmering of light

be to these unfortunate Highgates which may open their eyes a little, and restore that harmony amongst them they have been so long unacquainted with!

Having received the following Letter a few days since, I beg leave to recommend it to the perusal of the Nobility and Gentry of Highgate in general; but more particularly to Alice Turner (the Saloup Woman, if she is still extant), to the Chimney Sweeper, the Blind Beggar (somebody must read it to him), Mamselle de Bellefesse, and Mary Jenkins; being convinced, that if the strange personage they saw was not Mr. James Jumps, it must have been a Conjurer or Cupid, Psyche or the Devil himself.

G. G.

LETTER THE EIGHTEENTH

JEFFERY GAMBADO, Esq.

KIND SIR,

I have an extraordinary story to tell you, that happened to me t'other day as I was a bringing two pair of stays to Miss Philpot's, at Kentish-town. I lives, Sir, at Finchley; and a-top of Highgate Hill my horse makes a kind of slip with his hind feet, do you see for it was for all the world like a bit of ice the whole road. I'd nothing for't but to hold fast round his neck, and to squeeze me elbows in to keep the stays

safe; and egod, off we set, and never stopt till I got to the bottom. He never moved a leg, didn't my horse, but slided promiscuously, as I may say, till he oversate somebody on the road; I was too flurrisome to see who; and the first body I see'd it was a poor man axing charity in a hat. My horse must have had a rare bit of bone in his back, and I sit him stiff as buckram.

Your Honour's obedient Servant,

JAMES JUMPS.

FINIS

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